

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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UNSUCCESSFUL.

Now all is over; we have laid
 Our dead friend in his quiet bed;
 October's leaves that flush and fade,
 Fall in their dying o'er the dead.
 Above the freshly cover'd mound
 The autumn sky in silence weeps,
 And clinging mists encurtain round
 The place where his worn body sleeps.

Now all is over; yet we frame
 Our secret thoughts about him still,
 And in our prayers his well-loved name
 Glides in without our conscious will.
 Our wistful eyes where'er they roam
 Find traces of his presence yet;
 The empty room, the silent home,
 Can speak, and bid us not forget.

In hush'd remembrance, not in grief,
 We think upon our friend at rest;
 Expected as the great relief,
 Death was to him a welcome guest.
 The roughen'd way, the weary strife,
 Forced from his lips a bitter cry,
 And loosen'd all his hold on life
 Before he laid him down to die.

A preacher of the heavenly truth
 In this discordant jarring time,
 The fire and passion of his youth,
 The strength and vigor of his prime,
 His hope and health, his day and night,
 His time, his toil, himself, he gave,
 To change men's darkness into light,
 To help and cheer, to bless and save.

Strange seem'd the hidden ways of God,
 When, toiling soon and watching late,
 An anxious way his servant trod,
 And only heard one saying "Wait."
 'Twas his to cherish brightest hope,
 And see that hope grow slowly pale;
 'Twas his with mighty foes to cope,
 To work, to fight, and then to fail.

For this we praise him, that through days
 Of doubt, distrust, suspicion, wrong,
 In patient faith, with heavenward gaze,
 He labor'd steadfast, calm and strong;
 Unmoved by failure or distress,
 By taunting foe or fickle friend,
 Uncheer'd by promise of success,
 He pray'd and trusted to the end.

That end has come; he knows the rest;
 The sure repose, the great reward,
 The blessedness of servants blest,
 Beloved and honor'd by their Lord;
 And his that crown of glowing light
 Kept for the man who must prevail,
 Who does not only dare to fight,
 But for his Master dares to fail.

Leisure Hour.

C. J. BLAKE.

THE THREE AGES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIE CONSTANTIN.

My dears, when I was young like you —
 O, days that long ago took wing! —
 I had your wit, your sweetness too,
 And loved, like you, the spring.
 Fondly do I remember still
 How dear to me were fields and flowers;
 How dear the hearts in lighter hours
 Made captive in the gay quadrille:
 A merry child like you, my dears,
 And such was I at fifteen years.

Later, my heart, less wild and gay,
 To one devout espousal moved;
 And wedded joys, how sweet are they,
 To love and to be loved!
 But sometimes pensive and apart,
 I prayed in secret sighs to heaven,
 That some dear angel might be given
 To stir in me a mother's heart:
 Wife and fond mother too, my dears,
 And such was I at thirty years.

O later! Onward still and on
 Time flies, like an advancing wave,
 And summer, autumn, both are gone,
 With all the joys they gave!
 Yet, while we droop with age and pain,
 The heart that to our babes we give
 In their sweet innocence may live,
 And with their babes be young again;
 And such am I at length, my dears,
 With my full span of eighty years.

Argosy.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

LOWELL.

'Twas August when he died,
 Who sang of June as no one sang beside.
 Just at the harvest time when fields were yellow
 And all the earth seemed kindest-grown and
 mellow —
 'Twas then he died.

In his old home built of New England pine
 With English elms graced and set round
 (Thus we might see the patriot shine
 Through all his verse, with older learning
 crowned)
 And by his ivied bier
 The few immortals stood of our whole land,
 And England, parent island, seemed more
 near,
 Scepters and oceans not so high or wide
 When, o'er the sea she reached a hand
 In sympathy that he had died.

Sleep well, good bard, yet live in memory,
 Another bond 'twixt kindred over-sea,
 With Magna Charta, Shakespeare, Milton's
 song,
 Blood, language, faith, the muse of history,
 Bind up the tie of kindred close and strong.

CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

Four-Lake country, Wis.

From The National Review.

THE NEW LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE Conservative party has, during the past month, experienced a heavy loss ; but, thanks to a bold and wise decision, it has been more than counterbalanced by a signal gain. The tributes which have been paid to the good sense, the patriotism, the sober judgment, the lofty disinterestedness, of Mr. W. H. Smith, have been as general as they were just and sincere. But he was avowedly a provisional leader ; and the nobility of his character was shown in nothing more conspicuously than in the fact that, though himself well aware of this circumstance, he neither chafed under nor resented it. Had he lived, the provisional period would probably have been prolonged. But his death compelled the prime minister to face with courage and decision a position of some difficulty and delicacy. Happily, all obstacles, whether real or imaginary, to a right decision were removed from Lord Salisbury's path by the unanimous voice of his Conservative followers, and the magnanimous attitude of the Liberal Unionists. But, as a fact, the time had really come for adopting a bold and definitive course. Sooner or later next year, and perhaps rather sooner than later, there must be an appeal to the country. That is the most important fact we all now have to consider, unspeakably more important than in what manner and by what particular man the business of next session is to be mainly conducted and controlled. If the Unionist party is not preparing for the general election, it ought to be ; and perhaps the most important part of its preparation was the choice of a leader in the more popular and powerful branch of the legislature. In this respect the opposition is already admirably provided. No matter what may be the faults and shortcomings of Mr. Gladstone in the estimation of impartial and reasonable men, and unfortunately they have become very grave, the one fact concerning him that stands out in bold relief, and remains incontestable, is his immense personal popularity. Partly by reason of his distinguished past, partly by reason of his

venerable years and the surprising physical vigor he still displays at so advanced an age, and partly also because of his determination to win adherents, at whatever cost of consistency or principle, he is a most formidable antagonist. His political follies are worth more votes than is the political wisdom of any other statesman. It would have been sheer lunacy for the Conservative party to omit to confront him with the most popular leader they could produce. Lord Salisbury is a statesman confessedly of the highest distinction, enjoying the absolute confidence of his followers, and commanding the unqualified respect of the community. His intellectual power is unsurpassed, and his influence with the English people has grown steadily and without a check. But Lord Salisbury is a peer. He cannot be leader of the popular House, and those may well be right who believe that he is too absorbed in the daily duty of state affairs to exercise a magical influence over the minds and hearts of the multitude. When the hour for holding the general election sounds, people will think and ask who is the Conservative member of the House of Commons that leads his party to battle. It would have been downright madness to enter on that supreme struggle under a leader who did not excite enthusiasm as well as enjoin respect. His name, at such a moment, should sound like a trumpet-call, organizing, encouraging, cheering, leading his followers to victory. At such a crisis, a provisional leader would be worse than worthless ; he would be a source of danger, discouragement, and dismay to the army he only nominally commanded.

Already, since the formal announcement of Mr. Balfour's elevation to the leadership of the House of Commons, a tone of greater confidence and an attitude of greater energy are perceptible in the Unionist ranks. Sir Edward Clarke has said "that it is worth twenty-five seats to the Unionist cause." We believe the computation will prove to be considerably below the mark. The appointment, satisfying the most cherished expectations of the Conservative party, has put its members into good heart, which they have

lately somewhat lacked; and we entertain no doubt that victory at the general election is now assured.

There is but one drawback to the feeling of satisfaction excited by Mr. Balfour's promotion. Mr. Goschen has had to forego an honorable and legitimate ambition. But in waiving his manifest claims, he has done so in a manner to raise himself to a still higher place in the estimation of his countrymen. There is something greater even than the most brilliant talents, or than the most vigorous intellectual energy; and that is the spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism. Mr. Goschen has exhibited this quality in the most conspicuous manner, and his countrymen will not forget it. Nor is it Mr. Goschen alone who approves, and has most handsomely vindicated, Mr. Balfour's promotion. It has been welcomed by Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, and by the entire body of Liberal Unionists, with something approaching to acclamation. Of course, the choice of Mr. Balfour has not been allowed to pass without adverse comment. The chief of the opposition journals perceived in it conclusive evidence that the Conservative party has a deep distrust of its Liberal allies. We have been invited to believe that, although Conservative statesmen are quite willing to be supported by the Unionist Liberals, they are resolutely determined they alone shall enjoy the sweets of the highest office. The imputation is notoriously untrue. The statesmen of England have always been remarkably free from selfish ambition, and none of them were ever less self-seeking than the Conservative ministers of to-day. If he consulted his private wishes alone, Lord Salisbury, it is well known, would not be in public life at all; and it is only a few years since Mr. Balfour was commonly regarded as too indolent to be ambitious. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that, although they are resolutely determined to remain in power if they can, the Conservative members of the present ministry forego the leisure and the pursuits of private life only because their duty to the State is to keep certain dangerous reformers in check. Those who say that they are jealous of

their Liberal allies must either have weak memories or a very contemptuous estimate of the memories of the people. The ministry is not a coalition ministry only because when the Cabinet was being formed certain Unionist Liberals preferred to uphold the Union from the front opposition bench. We must conclude, then, that the criticism on which we have touched is the unreasonable result of not having anything reasonable to say. It is the outcome of chagrin over the fact that the prime minister did not make a choice which would have been susceptible of a plausible, and probably effective, taunt. If Mr. Goschen had been appointed to the leadership of the Commons, it would have been said that, despite all their professed assurance that they retain the confidence of the country, the Conservatives lacked confidence in themselves. It would have been said that what strength they had was dependent upon their association with distinguished Liberals; and that the government, which was Conservative in name, was Liberal in reality. That taunt also would have been equally ineffective. A government which was really Liberal could not possibly be displeasing to Liberals; and sincere Liberals, they who suppress personal ambition in favor of public principle, could not possibly wish such a government supplanted.

The accusation to which we have referred seems unworthy of notice; but it is not really so. It is quite possible to have some sympathy with the persons who are distressing themselves about the relation between the Conservatives and the Unionist Liberals. We understand the craving of the English mind to foresee the issue of the alliance. Conservatism is a distinct feeling; Liberalism is a distinct feeling; and, naturally, both Conservatives and Unionist Liberals are averse from party instincts being weakened. We imagine, however, that apprehensions on that account are not likely to be realized. There have been similar coalitions before; and although both parties have been developed, neither has ever been revolutionized by alliances. It is the orderly progress of nature, more than the occasional need for compromise, which makes either

party deviate from its traditions. We do not, in saying this, forget the causes which made Mr. Gladstone and the bulk of his followers willing to sacrifice the integrity of the empire in order to gratify rebels, "steeped to the lips in treason," whom they had spent many years in opposing. That was an event almost unparalleled in our history. It was not in accord with any precedent, and it is not likely ever to be made a precedent by any successor to the unique politician at the head of her Majesty's opposition. Still, alliances such as that which is now the subject of much eager questioning do have an appreciable effect upon the evolution of politics. Conservatism and Liberalism are fundamentally matters of taste, and they will disappear only with the disappearance of the tastes which, for example, made one man a Churchman without a reasoned justification, and another man a Dissenter from an equally irrational impulse; but when they come together in alliance they do act upon each other, and act with good results. Englishmen divided into hostile parties are instinctively uncompromising. It is almost a point of honor with them to discredit each other's policies. The very fact, for example, that Liberals are in favor of free trade is sufficient to make some Tories fair traders at the least; the very fact that the Conservatives support Church and State is sufficient to make some Liberals have a poor opinion of both. Amid conditions such as these, political measures, it is obvious, are apt to be reactionary or too violent. Fiscal policies may be framed with too little regard for political economy, and social dislike of an ecclesiastical organization may become Dissent turned into a bitterness akin to positive irreligion. On the other hand, an alliance between one party and a portion of the other weakens blind antipathy and leads to wholesome reflection. Englishmen endeavor to be fair; but as partisans they almost wish not to see such reasonableness as may underlie their opponents' case. At least, it is only when a menace to a common interest makes them colleagues that they yield one jot or tittle before they are compelled by force. Thus, it is only as the result of alliances that

political progress of an objectionable kind is made. It is only then that Conservatives and Liberals are really fair towards each other. It is only then that they listen to each other with a desire to understand the rival political theory. It is only then that they act on critical reflection instead of upon social aversions. We cannot doubt, therefore, that, besides frustrating the revolutionary design which brought them together, the alliance between the Conservative party and the Unionist Liberals will have many good results. It is a great gain that Mr. Chamberlain has come to see that the Conservative order of society is not, after all, so bad that only "the theory of ransom" contains an adequate cure; and it is a great gain that Conservatism has discovered it possible to appease the wish for local self-government without imperilling the rights and liberties of which it has hitherto been considered the necessary guardian. At the time of the last Reform agitation co-operation between the two parties in the State prevented either a disastrous degradation of the House of Lords or an equally disastrous humiliation of the House of Commons, and there can be no doubt that the present alliance between Conservatives and Unionist Liberals has produced harmless progress in peace where otherwise there might have been extreme measures and intensification of class hostilities. Vexing one's mind over what is to be the ultimate outcome of the Unionist alliance is useless. It may become permanent; but that end, which many persons desire, cannot be hastened by formalities any more than imperial confederation, which even more of us wish to see, can be hastened by formal treaties. The solution of such questions must be left to time.

The melancholy event which has given rise to these reflections is one over which the nation has mourned with unusual unanimity. Mr. W. H. Smith was a leader of the House whom both sides respected highly. He was picturesque in his lucid simplicity. He lacked what is called genius; but he had character, by which genius is frequently unaccompanied. "It is," as a contemporary has remarked,

"constantly the misfortune, though occasionally the merit, of English Cabinets, that they do not entirely represent, or even clearly perceive, the inner opinions of solid Englishmen, but are influenced mainly by leaders not always in touch with the average majority. Though nominally all equal, the English Cabinet ministers are usually swayed, sometimes even governed, by two or three men, who for the most part are either born aristocrats who fear the voters whom they only partly understand, or men of genius who are detached from the voters by the possession of qualities altogether outside their mental range." Lord Salisbury's Cabinet was redeemed from this misfortune by Mr. Smith. He had a thorough understanding of the middle class, that great body of unemotional and moderate men; and with a singular modesty he had an unflinching sagacity upon which the proudest patriots willingly relied. Literary Conservatives have recently shown a curious dislike of "the middle class." The virtue and the weakness of that class, the industry which makes it succeed in commerce, and its provincial estimate of what "life" means, are constantly sneered at. If any public man, or any public body, acts with unusual earnestness, or with unusual folly, all the bright wits of the age find a text upon which to laugh at the "hopelessly bourgeois." Even Mr. Smith has not escaped the condescension of such critics. He was "essentially middle-class," we have been told; and that was why he lacked humor and was always simple enough to avow a grave devotion to "Queen and Country." There is some excuse, perhaps, for the dislike in which the *bourgeoisie* are held by the literary class. But the literary estimate of Mr. Smith is entirely wrong. Our late leader, whose character it was impossible to estimate from the reports of debates in the House alone, was not to be measured by any one who did not know him. There are cases in which, while retaining an unerring understanding of the class in which he was born, a man becomes so superior to his class that only the accident of birth connects him with it. The history of the Tory party, as well as the history of letters, proves this; for many of our greatest leaders, as well as many of our most imaginative writers, had no blue blood in their veins. Mr. Smith was a striking rebuke to the literary affectation to which we have referred. While he knew the middle class instinctively, he was as far removed from the average type

of it as the most cynical of our modern satirists is removed from the author of "Sandford and Merton." Indeed, Mr. Smith was superior even to the average type of the upper class. His habit of seriousness did not mean that he lacked the sense of humor. It meant that he was not affected by the view of life entertained by the man of the modern world, whose acquired taste, which constrains him never to be serious, is as artificial as the moral tone of the new journalism. Mr. Smith did perceive the incongruous as quickly as any one; but neither his mind nor his countenance was attuned to the modern cynic's habitual smile, and a patrician with a habitual smile is a spectacle perhaps as painful as the middle-class miss who has a habitual simper. Indeed, however, there is no need to defend Mr. Smith against the faint praise to which certain writers who should have known better have treated him. His merits were conclusively proved to be great by the fact that he was a highly respected man, a man respected by his colleagues, in a Cabinet of weighty statesmen. He was no orator; but oratory is only one of the arts which equip a man for leadership in politics. The fractious legislators whom he had to keep in order were as much subdued by their own inability to irritate him as they were amused by his stolidity at the point of their little jokes; and when there was occasion to mention the truth that "Queen and Country" were worthy of his devotion he was not restrained from speaking the truth by the probability that on hearing him utter it, sceptics would indulge in their habitual smile. His unusual familiarity with the modes of thought prevalent among the great mass of his fellow-countrymen enabled him to contribute much to the wisdom and the efficacy of Conservative policy; and, far from being middle-class or otherwise commonplace, his character was more than aristocratic in its unashamed tranquillity.

Whosoever would wish to test the theory that creditable statesmanship is to be expected only from aristocrats will see in the career of Mr. Parnell some cause to modify a common belief. While it often happens that the people have the distinction of producing a Conservative statesman whom the Crown and the Lords are proud to honor, the patrician who becomes a pestilential demagogue is unhappily also not unknown. Mr. Parnell is not such a clear illustration of this truth as Sir William Harcourt; but he is a sufficient case in point. He had all the antecedent prob-

abilities of public worth which Mr. Smith lacked. He was an aristocratic son of an imaginative and Conservative race; yet, apart from a sweetness of disposition which was revealed in private to the more intimate of his friends, he had only one patrician characteristic, and that was the common one of capacity to govern a rabble, a power which, like that of a tamer of lions, lies less in the man himself than in the ignorance of those whom it is desirable to subdue. A conventional principle demands that we shall speak no ill of the dead; but, like some other etiquettes, that is a selfish feeling disguised. We have a duty to the living as well as a duty to those who have ceased to live, and to pretend that a man whom we have denounced as base for many years becomes suddenly respectable when he has gone is at once a hollow honoring of the dead, and generosity on false pretences. It is true that Mr. Parnell deserved sympathy in one respect. He was very badly treated by the majority of the Irish members. No casuistry is capable of making those men worth a moment's respectful consideration. Their desertion of Mr. Parnell at the bidding of an English statesman, of whom they professed to be independent, was an act of canting treachery, a parallel to which is to be found only in the records of the time when, towards the end of Grattan's Parliament, their ancestors acted with a perfidy of which, among the English-speaking races, some Irishmen alone are capable. The fact which stands out most clearly in the history of Ireland is that, while the spirit of rebellion is never dead, the temper of the traitor is never even asleep. No national conspiracy can ever succeed, for there are always some Irishmen who will betray it. Even in the small body, the committee of seven generals, which had arranged to use the volunteer army of Grattan's time against England, there was at least one Iscariot. The same ineradicable frailty broke out, in the treachery of Carey, in connection with the episode in Phoenix Park; and history has repeated itself at the expense of Mr. Parnell, at whose death his bitterest enemies were the majority of the party every member of which he himself had raised from obscurity. Still, in chronicling public events, we must not speak smooth things of one Irishman who is a traitor simply because there are other Irishmen whose treachery is double-dyed. Mr. Parnell did his utmost to injure England; and, although England survives all foes, and can usually afford to despise

them, she need not, in her magnanimity, think of them as if they had not been foes at all. There was no course of action too wicked for Mr. Parnell in his passionate hatred of England. In sanctioning the Plan of Campaign, he sanctioned organized robbery; he winked at cruelty to dumb animals, and at the most brutal outrages on men and women too weak to resist his dastardly agents; he lied when occasion arose; and his pretence that he moderated the temper of the Nationalists was a mere part of the game, for it was no sooner made clear to him that he had lost more than half of his Parliamentary following than he appealed to the hillside men and the avowed outrage-mongers. In so far as his life was a matter of public interest, the man was a sham in every respect. It is even impossible to agree with those who say that in his self-command he was naturally a king of men. After the split with Mr. Gladstone there were many occasions on which his self-command broke down, and then he became as undignified as the most brawling item in the party. Even at other times his imperturbability was counterfeit. His apparent calm was simply the result of his knowledge that, in order to maintain his control, it was necessary that he should seem stronger than the Irish people at large, whose excitement is never silent. If he had been always in evidence, and always talking, it would have been discovered that he was not really cleverer or stronger than any one of many of his followers, and his supremacy would have ceased. Therefore he assumed the character of a still strong man in a blatant land, and cowed the raging patriots who would otherwise long ago have been fighting with one another as to which of them should displace him. That, of course, was a triumph; but the power which it indicated was merely, like that of the tamer of lions, the power of calculated insolence, which is sure to fail some day, and can never make any one a permanent leader of men.

The question who is to succeed Mr. Parnell as chief of the Irish party has not yet been settled. Indeed, it has scarcely arisen, for the party is even more bitterly divided against itself than it was before Mr. Parnell died. The death called forth a wide revulsion of feeling. It seemed as if, apart from the priests and the parliamentary patriots, the whole people of Ireland passionately adored the memory of the chief. Feeling in his favor ran so high that there was no disturbance at his funeral. Knowing that they would be mo-

lest if they attended the obsequies, the patriots had not one among them so courageous as to do him reverence. We may be sure that the dispute between the factions will continue. Although they all profess to be unselfishly devoted to the cause, these men are consumed with vanity and ambition, and they will never agree among themselves. It would, however, be unwise for the Unionists to rely upon the dissensions which have recently made the Irish party practically powerless. The jealousy which each patriot feels for his fellows is ludicrously strong; but it is not so strong as the hatred of all the patriots for England. We shall, for a few months, hear wailings over the chief who was hounded to his grave; but the fever of remorse, personal and vicarious, will die down. With all their wild emotions and their apparent ingenuousness, the Irish are singularly astute, and already over the length and breadth of the land there is at work a subtle influence making for a closing of the rebel ranks. The priests are sedulously prompting the Nationalists to sink their differences and become once more unanimous in demanding Home Rule. From the separatist point of view, that is the only rational policy. Unless the Irish Nationalists are at one, Mr. Gladstone may not be returned to office, and if Mr. Gladstone is kept out of power there will be no chance of Home Rule. The Unionists, therefore, must not allow themselves to be lulled into confidence that the "danger worse than pestilence and famine" which was latent during Lord Beaconsfield's administration is finally suppressed. It is not suppressed. It is even now, after five years of resolute and successful government, much more considerable than it was when Lord Beaconsfield warned his countrymen to beware of it; for it has still, what it lacked at that time, the countenance of the most powerful demagogue whom England ever allowed to become a statesman. We must not take it for granted that because Mr. Parnell is dead the Irish conspiracy will be without a competent head. Even as the British Empire has not, according to Mr. Balfour, "been infertile in great leaders," disaffected Irishmen have never been at a loss for a man strong enough to give their disaffection point and a policy, and to make it spread. At this moment, it is true, Mr. Healy, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Davitt, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. M'Carthy seem each and all impossible; but we may be quite sure that a man whom the whole party will follow will arise, and that while

Mr. Gladstone continues the patron of sedition that man will be as much as Mr. Parnell was a menace to the integrity of the realm.

With that certainty in his mind, the Englishman who is a Unionist first, and a Conservative or a Liberal afterwards, must deplore any unnecessary revival of controversial questions. The Unionist Liberals generally are handsomely loyal to the undefined terms of the alliance, the clear terms which are absolutely necessary from the conditions of the case; and, on the whole, we do not fear either that the Conservatives will propose any measures which would exact too much from their Liberal allies or that the Conservatives will be treated to too many applications of what Mr. Courtney called "the Radical prod." Still, Mr. Chamberlain, whose services to the Unionist cause are surpassed by no one, may be respectfully asked to feel assured that England has not yet become so weary of Ireland that it needs extreme Radical measures as compensation for its support of the Union. Indeed, we must have confidence enough in the character of the people to expect that, come weal or come woe to us in our defence of the empire, her Majesty's ministers will not be expected to bribe any section of the community to be patriotic. The English people will act like their forefathers, who, when the integrity of the realm was at stake, have never yet been treated as mercenaries. Mr. Schnadhorst and his colleagues may be presumed to know their own business; but we shall be much surprised if the result of the general election does not show that the Programme of the National Liberal Federation is regarded as a caricature of statesmanship and an insult to the nation. There is no need to review that programme in its details. As Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has remarked, it is merely audacious humbug. At the ordinary rate of progress in legislation, Liberal Parliaments would have to labor for thirty years before the bills foreshadowed in the programme could be passed. Liberalism used to be a matter of principle. Now it stands confessed a system of self-seeking. The Liberals of last generation were men who believed that, in consideration of the natural rights of man and the truths of political economy, the citizen should be freed from the inequality caused by privilege and from the restraints of disabilities which had ceased to be necessary to the welfare of the State. The Liberals of to-day are men who, when their party is in opposition, spend their

time in searching out classes which are disaffected and in arranging programmes designed to encourage their disaffections. The new Liberalism explicitly avows this. Its mission, we are frankly told, is not to guide the people, not to rule the people. It is simply to register the wishes of any sections of the people which are dissatisfied, and to accomplish those wishes exactly as the dissatisfied sections dictate. In short, according to the new Liberalism, to be guided by principles is no longer a function of the statesman. The single aim of a statesman is to be in power; and, as he can attain power only if a majority of the people are willing, it is absolutely necessary that he should be unprincipled, for there is no principle, no body of principle, with which the people are certain to be permanently pleased. The new Liberalism, which is founded on the disestablishment of principle, means also the disestablishment of statesmanship. The function of Liberalism being to do exactly as any section of the people whose voting power is considerable dictate, any man, a man of the humblest character, education, and capacity, can be a Liberal statesman. Parliament becomes the office of mere registrars, and the Liberal party a firm of sordid commission agents. This change in the character of one of the great parties has had already a deplorable result. The scouts had been out for a year, and Mr. Schnadhorst had made a summary of their reports. The heads of departments met at Newcastle; and, having been instructed by the secretary, the aged chief proclaimed to the public the great bargains which the firm were prepared to offer. It was a saddening spectacle. Mr. Gladstone was once familiarly known as the greatest statesman of his day. But the Newcastle speech, the prospectus of the Liberal company, does not contain the avowal of a single principle. Like Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, Mr. Gladstone boo'ed, and boo'ed, and boo'ed, boo'ed whithersoever, according to the secretary's statement, an order might possibly be obtained. The only difference was that, in booing to a set of sectaries here and to a body of fanatics there, Mr. Gladstone, resembling the man in the country fairs who offers the gaping rustics a purse of sovereigns for a sixpence, and makes provision that the bargain shall be a deception, stated every proposition with a mental and even verbal reserve. One of the leading Liberal journals openly gloried in the artfulness of this duplicity.

It is impossible, as we have said, to believe that the masses of the English people will requite the Gladstonian party as that party hopes to be requited. Like all young democracies, they are susceptible to the arts of the demagogue; but the demagogue, if he is to succeed in his designs, must pay some respect to their character and intelligence, and it must be obvious to the many thousands of electors who are neither sectaries nor fanatics that the Gladstonians despise both. On the other hand, there is much reason for believing that the government retains the confidence of the country. The new leader of the House of Commons has almost every one of the qualities which make a statesman strong. Besides entering upon his new office with the advantage of having governed Ireland with unprecedented success, Mr. Balfour has character, talent, and something closely akin to the magical power of creating enthusiasm which is possessed by the highest oratory. It is given to few politicians to reach even Mr. Balfour's age without having some grave indiscretion remembered against them; but the bitterest Gladstonian will admit that the new leader's record is one of stainless integrity, and his colleagues know that he has not once made even a serious mistake of judgment. Mr. Balfour, however, has more than character and sagacity. He has unconquerable courage. When he became chief secretary for Ireland the Nationalist members delightedly thought that the day of their triumph had arrived at length. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Forster, Lord Spencer, and other strong men had been able "to give as good as they got" in the way of bullying; but this slim youth, this dawdling philosopher, would be worried to death within a few months. Certain of the Irish members exultingly avowed that they would soon see Mr. Balfour in his grave. They have had cause to revise their judgment. For three or four weeks they did try the worrying tactics; but they speedily found that those were of no avail. The slim youth was not to be worried. He was imperturbable. They could not break either his spirit or his temper; and his calm treatment of their insolence was more effectual than anything they had hitherto experienced. At first, exasperated by their discomfiture in Parliament, the rules of which compelled them to be at least outwardly civil, they never missed an extra-Parliamentary opportunity to vituperate him. That, likewise, was of no avail. It was certain that whenever they

lapsed from abusive language into serious statement, they were paving the way for an "open letter" in which, by his own cold pen, or by that of his private secretary, Mr. Balfour would state truths such as would lower the unimaginative Saxon opinion of them; and by and by the chief secretary ceased to be either "base, bloody, brutal," or a person with whom an Irish Nationalist could argue with any comfort. All this was noted and is remembered by the nation, and Mr. Balfour is, perhaps, more widely and more enthusiastically admired than any statesman of our time. He has, in a remarkable manner, revived the popular admiration for pluck. He has done this to such an extent that mere oratory, the solemn traffic in rolling periods with a "moral tone," is out of vogue. With his clean record, and that calm, invincible, systematic resolution which characterizes his speeches as well as his administrative work, Mr. Balfour is a statesman as fascinating to the masses as he is attractive and congenial to men of education and culture.

From Temple Bar.

THE BARON'S QUARRY.

BY EGERTON CASTLE.

"OH no, I assure you, you are not boring Mr. Marshfield," said this personage himself in his gentle voice — that curious voice that could flow on for hours, promulgating profound and startling theories on every department of human knowledge or conducting paradoxical arguments without a single inflection or pause of hesitation. "I am, on the contrary, much interested in your hunting talk. To paraphrase a well-worn quotation somewhat widely, *nihil humanum a me alienum est*. Even hunting stories may have their point of biological interest: the philologist sometimes pricks his ear to the jargon of the chase; moreover, I am not incapable of appreciating the subject-matter itself. This seems to excite some derision. I admit I am not much of a sportsman to look at, nor, indeed, by instinct, yet I have had some out-of-the-way experiences in that line — generally when intent on other pursuits. I doubt, for instance, if even you, Major Travers, notwithstanding your well-known exploits against man and beast, notwithstanding that doubtful smile of yours, could match the strangeness of a certain hunting adventure in which I played an important part."

The speaker's small, deep-set, black eyes, that never warmed to anything more human than a purely speculative, scientific interest in his surroundings, here wandered round the sceptical yet expectant circle with bland amusement. He stretched out his bloodless fingers for another of his host's superfine cigars and proceeded, with only such interruptions as were occasioned by the lighting and careful smoking of the latter.

"I was returning home after my prolonged stay in Petersburg, intending to linger on my way and test with mine own ears certain among the many dialects of eastern Europe — anent which there is a symmetrical little cluster of philological knotty points it is my modest intention one day to unravel. However, that is neither here nor there. On the road to Hungary I bethought myself opportunely of proving the once pressingly offered hospitality of the Baron Kossowski.

"You may have met the man, Major Travers, he was a tremendous sportsman, if you like. I first came across him at McNeil's place in remote Ireland. Now, being in Bukowina, within measurable distance of his Carpathian abode, and curious to see a Polish lord at home, I remembered his invitation. It was already of long standing, but it had been warm, born in fact of a sudden fit of enthusiasm for me" — here a half-mocking smile quivered an instant under the speaker's black moustache — "which, as it was characteristic, I may as well tell you about.

"It was on the day of, or rather, to be accurate, on the day after my arrival, towards the small hours of the morning, in the smoking-room at Rathdrum. Our host was peacefully snoring over his empty pipe and his seventh glass of whiskey, also empty. The rest of the men had slunk off to bed. The baron, who all unknown to himself had been a subject of most interesting observation to me the whole evening, being now practically alone with me, condescended to turn an eye, as wide awake as a fox's, albeit slightly bloodshot, upon the contemptible white-faced person who had preferred spending the raw hours over his papers, within the radius of a glorious fire's warmth, to creeping slyly over treacherous quagmires in the pursuit of timid bog creatures (snipe shooting had been the order of the day) — the baron, I say, became aware of my existence and entered into conversation with me.

"He would no doubt have been much surprised could he have known that he

was already mapped out, craniologically and physiognomically, catalogued with care, and neatly laid by in his proper ethnological box, in my private type museum, that, as I sat and examined him from my different coigns of vantage in library, in dining and smoking room that evening, not a look of his, not a gesture went forth but had significance for me.

"You, I had thought, with your broad shoulders and deep chest, your massive head that should have gone with a tall stature, not with those short, sturdy limbs; with your thick red hair, that should have been black for that matter, with your wide-set, yellow eyes, you would be a real puzzle to one who did not recognize in you equal mixtures of the fair, stalwart, and muscular Slav with the bilious-sanguine, thick-set, wiry Turanian. Your pedigree would no doubt bear me out; there is as much of the Magyar as of the Pole in your anatomy. Athlete, and yet a tangle of nerves; a ferocious brute at bottom, I dare say, for your broad forehead inclines to flatness, under your bristling beard your jaw must protrude, and the base of your skull is ominously thick. And, with all that, capable of ideal transports; when that girl played and sang to-night I saw the swelling of your eyelid veins, and how that small, tenacious, claw-like hand of yours twitched. You would be a fine leader of men—but God help the wretches in your power!

"So had I mused upon him. Yet I confess that when we came into closer contact with each other even I was not proof against the singular courtesy of his manner and his unaccountable personal charm.

"Our conversation soon grew interesting; to me as a matter of course, and evidently to him also. A few general words led to interchange of remarks upon the country we were both visitors in and so to national characteristics—Pole and Irishman have not a few in common, both in their nature and history. An observation which he made, not without a certain flash in his light eyes and a transient uncovering of the teeth, on the Irish type of female beauty, suddenly suggested to me a stanza of an ancient Polish ballad, very full of milk-and-blood imagery, of alternating ferocity and voluptuousness. This I quoted to the astounded foreigner, in the vernacular, and this it was that metamorphosed his mere perfection of civility into sudden warmth, and, in fact, procured me the invitation in question.

"When I left Rathdrum the baron's last words to me were that if I ever thought

of visiting his country otherwise than in books he held me bound to make Yany, his Galician seat, my headquarters of study.

"From Czernowicz, therefore, where I stopped some time, I wrote, received in due time a few lines of prettily worded reply, and ultimately entered my sled in the nearest town to, yet at a most forbidding distance from, Yany, and started on my journey thither.

"The undertaking meant many long hours of undulation and skidding over the November snow, to the somniferous bell-jangle of my dirty little horses; the only impression of interest being a weird gipsy concert I came in for at a miserable drinking-booth half buried in the snow where we halted for the refreshment of man and beast. Here, I remember, I discovered a very definite connection between the characteristic run of the tsimbol, the peculiar bite of the Zigeuner's bow on his fiddle-string, and some distinctive points of Turanian tongues—in other countries, in Spain, for instance, your gipsy speaks differently on his instrument. But, oddly enough, when I later attempted to put this observation on paper I could find no word to express it."

A few of our company evinced signs of sleepiness, but most of us who knew Marshfield, and that he who could, unless he had something novel to say, be as silent and retiring as he now evinced signs of being copious, awaited further with patience. He has his own deliberate way of speaking, which he evidently enjoys greatly, though it be occasionally trying to his listeners.

"On the afternoon of my second day's drive, the snow, which till then had fallen fine and continuous, ceased, and my Jehu, suddenly interrupting himself in the midst of some exciting wolf story, quite in keeping with the time of year and the wild surroundings, pointed to a distant spot against the grey sky to the north-west, between two wood-covered folds of ground—the first eastern spurs of the great Carpathian chain.

"There stands Yany," said he.

"I looked at my far-off goal with interest. As we drew nearer, the sinking sun, just dipping behind the hills, tinged the now distinct frontage with a cold, copperlike gleam, but it was only for a minute; the next the building became nothing more to the eye than a black irregular silhouette against the crimson sky.

"Before we entered the long, steep ave-

nue of poplars, the early winter darkness was upon us, rendered all the more depressing by grey mists which gave a ghostly aspect to such objects as the sheen of the snow rendered visible. Once or twice there were feeble flashes of light looming in iridescent halos as we passed little clusters of hovels, but for which I should have been induced to fancy that the great Hof stood alone in the wilderness, such was the deathly stillness around. But even as the tall square building rose before us above the vapor, yellow lighted in various stories, and mighty in height and breadth, there broke upon my ear a deep-mouthed, menacing bay, which gave at once almost alarming reality to the eerie surroundings.

"His lordship's boar and wolf hounds," quoth my charioteer calmly, unmindful of the regular pandemonium of howls and barks which ensued as he skilfully turned his horses through the gateway and flogged the tired beasts into a sort of shambling canter that we might land with glory before the house door; a weakness common, I believe, to drivers of all nations.

"I alighted in the court of honor, and while awaiting an answer to my tug at the bell, stood, broken with fatigue, depressed, chilled and aching, questioning the wisdom of my proceedings and the amount of comfort, physical and moral, that was likely to await me in a *tête-à-tête* visit with a well-mannered savage in his own home.

"The unkempt tribe of stable retainers who began to gather round me and my rough vehicle in the gloom, with their evil-smelling sheepskins and their resigned battered visages, were not calculated to reassure me. Yet when the door opened, there stood a smart *chasseur* and a solemn major-domo who might but just have stepped out of Mayfair; and there was displayed a spreading vista of warm, deep-colored halls, with here a statue and there a stuffed bear, and underfoot pile carpets strewn with rarest skins.

Marvelling, yet comforted withal, I followed the solemn butler, who received me with the deference due to an expected guest and expressed the master's regret for his enforced absence till dinner-time. I traversed vast rooms, each more sumptuous than the last, feeling the strangeness of the contrast between the outer desolation and this sybaritic excess of luxury growing ever more strongly upon me; caught a glimpse of a picture-gallery, where peculiar yet admirably executed latter-day French pictures hung side by side with ferocious boar hunts of Snyder

and such kin; and, at length, was ushered into a most cheerful room, modern to excess in its comfortable promise, where, in addition to the tall stove necessary for warmth, there burned on an open hearth a vastly pleasant fire of resinous logs, and where, on a low table, awaited me a dainty service of fragrant Russian tea.

"My impression of utter novelty seemed somehow enhanced by this unexpected refinement in the heart of the solitudes and in such a rugged shell, and yet, when I came to reflect, it was only characteristic of my cosmopolitan host. But another surprise was in store for me.

"When I had recovered bodily warmth and mental equilibrium in my downy arm-chair, before the roaring logs, and during the delicious absorption of my second glass of tea, I turned my attention to the French valet, evidently the baron's own man, who was deftly unpacking my port-manteau, and who, unless my practised eye deceived me, asked for nothing better than to entertain me with agreeable conversation the while.

"Your master is out, then," quoth I, knowing that the most trivial remark would suffice to start him.

"True, monseigneur was out; he was desolated, in despair (this with the national amiable and imaginative instinct); but it was doubtless important business. M. le Baron had the visit of his factor during the midday meal; had left the table hurriedly, and had not been seen since. Madame la Baronne had been a little suffering, but she would receive monsieur.

"Madame!" exclaimed I, astounded. "Is your master then married? since when?"—visions of a fair Tartar, fit mate for my baron, immediately springing somewhat alluringly before my mental vision. But the answer dispelled the picturesque fancy.

"Oh yes," said the man, with a somewhat peculiar expression. "Yes, monseigneur is married. Did monsieur not know? And yet it was from England that monseigneur brought back his wife."

"An Englishwoman!"

"My first thought was one of pity; an Englishwoman alone in this wilderness—two days' drive from even a railway station—and at the mercy of Kossowski! But the next minute I reversed my judgment. Probably she adored her rufous lord, took his veneer of courtesy—a veneer of the most exquisite polish, I grant you, but perilously thin—for the very perfection of chivalry. Or perchance it was his inner savageness itself that

charmed her; the most refined women often amaze one by the fascination which the preponderance of the brute in the opposite sex seems to have for them.

"I was anxious to hear more.

"Is it not dull for the lady here at this time of year?"

"The valet raised his shoulders with a gesture of despair that was almost passionate.

"Dull! Ah, monsieur could not conceive to himself the dullness of it. That poor Madame la Baronne! not even a little child to keep her company on the long, long days when there was nothing but snow in the heaven and on the earth and the howling of the wind and the dogs to cheer her. At the beginning, indeed, it had been different; when the master first brought home his bride the house was gay enough. It was all redecorated and refurbished to receive her (monsieur should have seen it before, a mere *rendezvous-de-chasse* — for the matter of that so were all the country houses in these parts!) Ah, that was the good time! There were visits month after month; parties, sleighing, dancing, trips to St. Petersburg and Vienna. But this year it seemed they were to have nothing but boars and wolves. How madame could stand it — well, it was not for him to speak — and heaving a deep sigh he delicately inserted my white tie round my collar, and with a flourish twisted it into an irreproachable bow beneath my chin.

"I did not think it right to cross-examine the willing talker any further, especially as, despite his last asseveration, there were evidently volumes he still wished to pour forth; but I confess that, as I made my way slowly out of my room along the noiseless length of passage, I was conscious of an unwonted, not to say vulgar, curiosity concerning the woman who had captivated such a man as the Baron Kosowski.

"In a fit of speculative abstraction I must have taken the wrong turning, for I presently found myself in a long, narrow passage I did not remember. I was retracing my steps when there came the sound of rapid footfalls upon stone flags; a little door flew open in the wall close to me, and a small, thick-set man, huddled in the rough sheepskin of the Galician peasant, with a mangy fur cap on his head, nearly ran headlong into my arms. I was about condescendingly to interpellate him in my best Polish, when I caught the gleam of an angry yellow eye and noted the bristle of a red beard — Kosowski!

"Amazed, I fell back a step in silence. With a growl, like an uncouth animal disturbed, he drew his filthy cap over his brow with a savage gesture and pursued his way down the corridor at a sort of wild-boar trot.

"This first meeting between host and guest was so odd, so incongruous, that it afforded me plenty of food for a fresh line of conjecture as I traced my way back to the picture-gallery, and from thence successfully to the drawing-room, which, as the door was ajar, I could not this time mistake.

"It was large and lofty and dimly lit by shaded lamps; through the rosy gloom I could at first only just make out a slender figure by the hearth; but as I advanced, this was resolved into a singularly graceful woman in clinging, fur-trimmed velvet gown, who, with one hand resting on the high mantelpiece, the other hanging listlessly by her side, stood gazing down at the crumbling wood fire as if in a dream.

"My friends are kind enough to say that I have a catlike tread; I know not how that may be, at any rate the carpet I was walking upon was thick enough to smother a heavier footfall; not until I was quite close to her did my hostess become aware of my presence. Then she started violently and looked over her shoulder at me with dilating eyes. Evidently a nervous creature, I saw the pulse in her throat, strained by her attitude, flutter like a terrified bird.

"The next instant she had stretched out her hand with sweet, English words of welcome, and the face, which I had been comparing in my mind to that of Guido's Cenci, became transformed by the arch and exquisite smile of a Greuse. For more than two years I had had no intercourse with any of my nationality. I could conceive the sound of his native tongue under such circumstances moving a man in a curious, unexpected fashion.

"I babbled some commonplace reply, after which there was silence while we stood opposite each other, she looking at me expectantly. At length, with a sigh checked by a smile and an overtone of sadness in a voice that yet tried to be sprightly: —

"Am I then so changed, Mr. Marshfield?" she asked. And all at once I knew her: the girl whose nightingale throat had redeemed the desolation of the evenings at Rathdram, whose sunny beauty had seemed (even to my celebrated, cold-blooded æstheticism) worthy to haunt a man's dreams. Yes, there was the subtle

curve of waist, the warm line of throat, the dainty foot, the slender, tip-tilted fingers — witty fingers, as I had classified them — which I now shook like a true Briton, instead of availing myself of the privilege the country gave me, and kissing her slender wrist.

"But she *was* changed; and I told her so with unconventional frankness, studying her closely as I spoke.

"I am afraid," I said gravely, "that this place does not agree with you."

"She shrank from my scrutiny with a nervous movement and flushed to the roots of her red-brown hair. Then she answered coldly that I was wrong, that she was in excellent health, but that she could not expect, any more than other people, to preserve perennial youth (I rapidly calculated she might be two-and-twenty), though indeed, with a little forced laugh, it was scarcely flattering to hear one had altered out of all recognition. Then, without allowing me time to reply, she plunged into a general topic of conversation which, as I should have been obtuse indeed not to take the hint, I did my best to keep up.

"But while she talked of Vienna and Warsaw, of her distant neighbors and last year's visitors, it was evident that her mind was elsewhere; her eye wandered, she lost the thread of her discourse; answered me at random, and smiled her piteous smile incongruously.

"However lonely she might be in her solitary splendor, the company of a countryman was evidently no such welcome diversion.

"After a little while she seemed to feel herself that she was lacking in cordiality, and, bringing her absent gaze to bear upon me with a puzzled, strained look: —

"I fear you will find it very dull," she said; "my husband is so wrapped up this winter in his country life and his sport, you are the first visitor we have had. There is nothing but guns and horses here, and you do not care for these things."

"The door creaked behind us; and the baron entered, in faultless evening dress. Before she turned towards him I was sharp enough to catch again the upleaping of a quick dread in her eyes, not even so much dread perhaps, I thought afterwards, as horror — the horror we notice in some animals at the nearing of a beast of prey. It was gone in a second, and she was smiling. But it was a revelation.

"Perhaps he beat her in Russian fashion, and she as an English woman was narrow-minded enough to resent this; or

perhaps merely I had the misfortune to arrive during a matrimonial misunderstanding.

"The baron would not give me leisure to reflect; he was so very effusive in his greeting — not a hint of our previous meeting — unlike my hostess, all in all to me; eager to listen, to reply; almost affectionate, full of references to old times and genial allusions. No doubt when he chose he could be the most charming of men; there were moments when, looking at him in his correct attire, hearkening to his cultured voice, marking his quiet smile and restrained gesture, the almost exaggerated politeness of his manner to his wife, whose fingers he had kissed with pretty, old-fashioned gallantry upon his entrance, I asked myself, could that encounter in the passage have been a dream? could that savage in the sheepskin be my courteous entertainer?

"Just as I came in, did I hear my wife say there was nothing for you to do in this place?" he said presently to me. Then, turning to her: —

"You do not seem to know Mr. Marshfield. Wherever he can open his eyes, there is for him something to see which might not interest other men. He will find things in my library which I have no notion of. He will discover objects for scientific observation in all the members of my household, not only in the good-looking maids — though he could, I have no doubt, tell their points as I could those of a horse. We have maidens here of several distinct races, Marshfield. We have also witches, and Jew leeches, and holy daft people. In any case, Yany, with all its dependencies, material, male, and female, are at your disposal, for what you can make out of them."

"It is good," he went on gaily, "that you should happen to have this happy disposition, for I fear that, no later than tomorrow, I may have to absent myself from home. I have heard that there are news of wolves — they menace to be a greater pest than usual this winter, but I am going to drive them on quite a new plan, and it will go hard with me if I don't come even with them. Well for you, by the way, Marshfield, that you did not pass within their scent to-day." Then, musingly: "I should not give much for the life of a traveller who happened to wander in these parts just now." Here he interrupted himself hastily, and went over to his wife who had sunk back on her chair, livid, seemingly on the point of swooning.

"His gaze was devouring; so might a

man look at the woman he adored, in his anxiety.

"What! faint, Violet, alarmed!" His voice was subdued, yet there was an unmistakable thrill of emotion in it.

"Pshaw!" thought I to myself, 'the man is a model husband.'

"She clenched her hands, and by sheer force of will seemed to pull herself together. These nervous women have often an unexpected fund of strength.

"Come, that is well," said the baron, with a flickering smile; 'Mr. Marshfield will think you but badly acclimatized to Poland if a little wolf-scare can upset you. My dear wife is so soft-hearted,' he went on to me, 'that she is capable of making herself quite ill over the sad fate that might have, but has not, overcome you. Or, perhaps,' he added, in a still gentler voice, 'her fear is that I may expose myself to danger for the public weal.'

"She turned her head away, but I saw her set her teeth as if to choke a sob. The baron chuckled in his throat and seemed to luxuriate in the pleasant thought.

"At this moment folding doors were thrown open, and supper was announced. I offered my arm, she rose and took it in silence. This silence she maintained during the first part of the meal, despite her husband's brilliant conversation and almost uproarious spirits. But, by and by, a bright color mounted to her cheeks and lustre to her eyes. I suppose you will all think me horribly unpoetical if I add that she drank several glasses of champagne one after the other, a fact which perhaps may account for the change.

"At any rate she spoke and laughed and looked lovely, and I did not wonder that the baron could hardly keep his eyes off her. But—whether it was her wifely anxiety or not—it was evident her mind was not at ease through it all, and I fancied that her brightness was feverish, her merriment slightly hysterical.

"After supper—an exquisite one it was—we adjourned together, in foreign fashion, to the drawing-room; the baron threw himself into a chair and, somewhat with the air of a pacha, demanded music. He was flushed; the veins of his forehead were swollen and stood out like cords; the wine drunk at table was potent; even through my phlegmatic frame it ran hotly.

"She hesitated a moment or two, then docilely sat down to the piano. That she could sing I have already made clear; how she could sing, with what pathos, passion, as well as perfect art, I had never realized before.

"When the song was ended she remained for a while, with eyes lost in distance, very still, save for her quick breathing. It was clear she was moved by the music; indeed she must have thrown her whole soul into it.

"At first we, the audience, paid her the rare compliment of silence. Then the baron broke forth into loud applause.

"Brava, brava! that was really said *con amore*. A delicious love-song, delicious—but French. You must sing one of our Slav melodies for Marshfield before you allow us to go and smoke.'

"She started from her reverie with a flush, and after a pause struck slowly a few simple chords, then began one of those strangely sweet yet intensely pathetic Russian airs, which give one a curious revelation of the profound, endless melancholy lurking in the national mind.

"What do you think of it?" asked the baron of me when it ceased.

"What I have always thought of such music—it is that of a hopeless people; poetical, crushed, and resigned.'

"He gave a loud laugh. 'Hear the analyst, the psychologist—why, man, it is a love-song! Is it possible that we, uncivilized, are truer realists than our hypercultured Western neighbors? Have we gone to the root of the matter, in our simple way?'

"The baroness got up abruptly. She looked white and spent; there were bistre circles round her eyes.

"I am tired," she said, with dry lips. 'You will excuse me, Mr. Marshfield, I must really go to bed.'

"Go to bed, go to bed," cried her husband gaily. Then, quoting in Russian from the song she had just sung: 'Sleep, my little soft white dove; my little innocent, tender lamb!'

"She hurried from the room. The baron laughed again, and, taking me familiarly by the arm, led me to his own set of apartments for the promised smoke. He ensconced me in an armchair, placed cigars of every description, and a Turkish pipe ready to my hand and a little table on which stood cut glass flasks and beakers in tempting array.

"After I had selected my cigar with some precautions, I glanced at him over a careless remark, and was startled to see a sudden alteration in his whole look and attitude.

"You will forgive me, Marshfield," he said, as he caught my eye, speaking with spasmodic politeness. 'It is more than probable that I shall have to set out upon

this chase I spoke of to-night, and I must now go and change my clothes, that I may be ready to start at any moment. This is the hour when it is most likely these hell-beasts are to be got at. You have all you want, I hope,' interrupting an outbreak of ferocity by an effort after his former courtesy.

"It was curious to watch the man of the world struggling with the primitive man.

"'But, baron,' said I, 'I do not at all see the fun of sticking at home like this. You know my passion for witnessing everything new, strange, and outlandish. You will surely not refuse me such an opportunity for observation as a midnight wolf-raid. I will do my best not to be in the way if you will take me with you.'

"At first it seemed as if he had some difficulty in realizing the drift of my words, he was so engrossed by some inner thought. But as I repeated them, he gave vent to a loud cackling.

"'By heaven! I like your spirit,' he exclaimed, clapping me strongly on the shoulder. 'Of course you shall come. You shall,' he repeated, 'and I promise you a sight, a hunt such as you never heard or dreamt of — you will be able to tell them in England the sort of thing we can do here in that line — such wolves are rare quarry,' he added, looking slyly at me, 'and I have a new plan for getting at them.'

"There was a long pause, and then there rose in the stillness the unearthly howling of the baron's hounds, a cheerful sound which only their owner's somewhat loud converse of the evening had kept from becoming excessively obtrusive.

"'Hark at them — the beauties!' cried he, showing his short, strong teeth, pointed like a dog's, in a wide grin of anticipative delight. 'They have been kept on pretty short commons, poor things! They are hungry. By the way, Marshfield, you can sit tight to a horse, I trust? If you were to roll off, you know, these splendid fellows they would chop you up in a second. They would chop you up,' he repeated unctuously, 'snap, crunch, gobble, and there would be an end of you!'

"'If I could not ride a decent horse without being thrown,' I retorted, a little stung by his manner, 'after my recent three months' torture with the Guard Cossacks, I should indeed be a hopeless subject. Do not think of frightening me from the exploit, but say frankly if my company would be displeasing.'

"'Tut!' he said, waving his hand impatiently, 'it is your affair. I have warned

you. Go and get ready if you want to come. Time presses.'

"I was determined to be of the fray; my blood was up. I have hinted that the baron's Tokay had stirred it.

"I went to my room and hurriedly donned clothes more suitable for rough nightwork. My last care was to slip into my pockets a brace of double-barrelled pistols which formed part of my travelling kit.

"When I returned I found the baron already booted and spurred; this without metaphor. He was stretched full length on the divan, and did not speak as I came in, or even look at me. Chewing an unlit cigar, with eyes fixed on the ceiling, he was evidently following some absorbing train of ideas.

"The silence was profound; time went by; it grew oppressive; at length, wearied out, I fell, over my chibouque, into a doze filled with puzzling visions, out of which I was awakened with a start. My companion had sprung up, very lightly, to his feet. In his throat was an odd, half-suppressed cry, gruesome to hear. He stood on tiptoe, with eyes fixed, as though looking through the wall, and I distinctly saw his ears point in the intensity of his listening.

"After a moment, with hasty, noiseless energy, and without the slightest ceremony, he blew the lamps out, drew back the heavy curtains and threw the tall window wide open.

"A rush of icy air, and the bright rays of the moon — gibbous, I remember, in her third quarter — filled the room. Outside, the mist had condensed, and the view was unrestricted over the white plains at the foot of the hill.

"The baron stood motionless in the open window, callous to the cold in which, after a minute, I could hardly keep my teeth from chattering, his head bent forward, still listening. I listened too, with 'all my ears,' but could not catch a sound; indeed the silence over the great expanse of snow might have been called awful; even the dogs were mute.

"Presently, far, far away, came a faint tinkle of bells; so faint, at first, that I thought it was but fancy, then distincter. It was even more eerie than the silence I thought, though I knew it could come but from some passing sleigh. All at once that ceased, and again my duller senses could perceive nothing, though I saw by my host's craning neck that he was more on the alert than ever. But at last I too heard once more, this time not bells, but

as it were the tread of horses muffled by the snow, intermittent and dull yet drawing nearer. And then in the inner silence of the great house it seemed to me I caught the noise of closing doors; but here the hounds, as if suddenly becoming alive to some disturbance, raised the same fearsome concert of yells and barks with which they had greeted my arrival, and listening became useless.

"I had risen to my feet. My host, turning from the windows, seized my shoulder with a fierce grip, and bade me 'hold my noise;' for a second or two I stood motionless under his iron talons, then he released me with an exultant whisper:—

"'Now for our chase!' and made for the door with a spring. Hastily gulping down a mouthful of arrack from one of the bottles on the table, I followed him, and, guided by the sound of his footsteps before me, groped my way through passages black as Erebus.

"After a time, which seemed a long one, a small door was flung open in front, and I saw Kossowski glide into the moonlit courtyard and cross the square. When I too came out he was disappearing into the gaping darkness of the open stable door, and there I overtook him.

"A man who seemed to have been sleeping in a corner jumped up at our entrance, and led out a horse ready saddled. In obedience to a gruff order from his master, as the latter mounted, he then brought forward another which he had evidently thought to ride himself and held the stirrup for me.

"We came delicately forth, and the Cossack hurriedly barred the great door behind us—I caught a glimpse of his worn, scarred face by the moonlight, as he peeped after us for a second before shutting himself in; it was stricken with terror.

"The baron trotted briskly towards the kennels from whence there was now issuing a truly infernal clangor, and, as my steed followed suit of his own accord, I could see how he proceeded dexterously to unbolt the gates without dismounting, while the beasts within dashed themselves against them and tore the ground in their fury of impatience.

"He smiled, as he swung back the barriers at last, and his 'beauties' came forth. Seven or eight monstrous brutes, hounds of a kind unknown to me; fulvous and sleek of coat, tall on their legs, square-headed, long-tailed, deep-chested; with terrible jaws slobbering in eagerness. They leapt around and up at us, much to

our horses' distaste. Kossowski, still smiling, lashed at them unsparingly with his hunting whip, and they responded, not with yells of pain, but with snarls of fury.

"Managing his restless steed and his cruel whip with consummate ease, my host drove the unruly crew before him, out of the precincts, then halted and bent down from his saddle to examine some slight prints in the snow which led, not the way I had come, but towards what seemed another avenue. In a second or two the hounds were gathered round this spot, their great snake-like tails quivering, nose to earth, yelping with excitement. I had some ado to manage my horse, and my eyesight was far from being as keen as the baron's, but I had then no doubt he had come already upon wolf-tracks, and I shuddered mentally, thinking of the sleigh-bells.

"Suddenly Kossowski raised himself from his strained position; under his low fur cap his face, with its fixed smile, looked scarcely human in the white light; and then we broke into a hand canter just as the hounds dashed, in a compact body, along the trail.

"But we had not gone more than a few hundred yards before they began to falter, then straggled, stopped, and ran back and about with dismal cries. It was clear to me they had lost the scent. My companion reined in his horse, and mine, luckily a well-trained brute, halted of himself.

"We had reached a bend in a broad avenue of firs and larches, and just where we stood, and where the hounds ever returned and met nose to nose in frantic conclave, the snow was trampled and soiled, and a little further on planed in a great sweep, as if by a turning sleigh. Beyond was a double-furrowed track of skaits and regular hoof-prints leading far away.

"Before I had time to reflect upon the bearing of this unexpected interruption, Kossowski, as if suddenly possessed by a devil, fell upon the hounds with his whip, flogging them upon the new track, uttering the while the most savage cries I have ever heard issue from human throat. The disappointed beasts were nothing loth to seize upon another trail; after a second of hesitation they had understood, and were off upon it at a tearing pace, and we after them at the best speed of our horses.

"Some unformed idea that we were going to escort, or rescue, benighted travellers flickered dimly in my mind as I galloped through the night air; but when I managed to approach my companion and

called out to him for explanation, he only turned half round and grinned at me.

"Before us lay now the white plain, scintillating under the high moon's rays. That light is deceptive; I could be sure of nothing upon the wide expanse, but of the dark, leaping figures of the hounds already spread out in a straggling line, some right ahead, others just in front of us. In a short time also the icy wind, cutting my face mercilessly as we increased our pace, well-nigh blinded me with tears of cold.

"I can hardly realize how long this pursuit after an unseen prey lasted; I can only remember that I was getting rather faint with fatigue, and ignominiously held on to my pommel, when all of a sudden the black outline of a sleigh merged into sight in front of us.

"I rubbed my smarting eyes with my benumbed hand; we were gaining upon it second by second; two of those hell-hounds of the baron's were already within a few leaps of it.

"Soon I was able to make out two figures, one standing up and urging the horses on with whip and voice, the other clinging to the back seat and looking towards us in an attitude of terror. A great fear crept into my half frozen brain—were we not bringing deadly danger, instead of help to these travellers? Great God! did the baron mean to use them as a bait for his new method of wolf-hunting?

"I could have turned upon Kossowski with a cry of expostulation or warning, but he, urging on his hounds, as he galloped on their flank, howling and gesticulating like a veritable Hun, passed me by like a flash, and all at once I knew."

Marshfield paused for a moment and sent his pale smile round upon his listeners, who now showed no signs of sleepiness; he knocked the ash from his cigar, twisted the latter round in his mouth, and added dryly:—

"And I confess it seemed to me a little strong, even for a baron in the Carpathians. The travellers were our quarry. But the reason why the Lord of Yany had turned man-hunter I was yet to learn. Just then I had to direct my energies to frustrating his plans. I used my spurs mercilessly. Whilst I drew up even with him I saw the two figures in the sleigh change places; he who had hitherto driven now faced back, while his companion took the reins; there was the pale blue sheen of a revolver barrel under the moonlight,

followed by a yellow flash, and the nearest hound rolled over in the snow.

"With an oath the baron twisted round in his saddle to call up and urge on the remainder. My horse had taken fright at the report and dashed irresistibly forward, bringing me at once almost level with the fugitives, and the next instant the revolver was turned menacingly towards me. There was no time to explain; my pistol was already drawn, and as another of the brutes bounded up, almost under my horse's feet, I loosed it upon him—I must have let off both barrels at once, for the weapon flew out of my hand, but the hound's back was broken. I presume the traveller understood; at any rate he did not fire at me.

"In moments of intense excitement like these, strangely enough, the mind is extraordinarily open to impressions. I shall never forget that man's countenance, in the sledge, as he stood upright and defied us in his mortal danger; it was young, very handsome, the features not distorted, but set into a sort of desperate, stony calm, and I knew it, beyond all doubt, for that of an Englishman. And then I saw his companion—it was the baron's wife.

"It takes a long time to say all this; it only required an instant to see it. The loud explosion of my pistol had hardly ceased to ring before the baron, with a fearful imprecation, was upon me. First he lashed at me with his whip as we tore along side by side, and then I saw him wind the reins round his off-arm and bend over, and I felt his angry fingers close tightly on my right foot. The next instant I should have been lifted out of my saddle, but there came another shot from the sledge. The baron's horse plunged and stumbled, and the baron, hanging on to my foot with a fierce grip, was wrenched from his seat. His horse, however, was up again immediately, and I was released, and then I caught a confused glimpse of the frightened and wounded animal galloping wildly away to the right, leaving a black track of blood behind him in the snow, his master, entangled in the reins, running with incredible swiftness by his side and endeavoring to vault back into the saddle.

"And now came to pass a terrible thing which, in his savage plans, my host had doubtless never anticipated.

"One of the hounds that had during this short check recovered lost ground, coming across this hot trail of blood, turned away from his course, and with a joyous yell

darted after the running man. In another instant the remainder of the pack were upon the new scent.

"As soon as I could stop my horse, I tried to turn him in the direction the new chase had taken, but just then, through the night air, over the receding sound of the horse's scamper and the sobbing of the pack in full cry, there came a long scream, and after that a sickening silence. And I knew that somewhere yonder, under the beautiful moonlight, the Baron Kossowski was being devoured by his starving dogs.

"I looked round, with the sweat on my face, vaguely, for some human being to share the horror of the moment, and I saw, gliding away, far away, in the white distance, the black silhouette of the sledge."

"Well?" said we, in divers tones of impatience, curiosity, or horror, according to our divers temperaments, as the speaker uncrossed his legs and gazed at us in mild triumph, with all the air of having said his say, and satisfactorily proved his point.

"Well," repeated he, "what more do you want to know? It will interest you but slightly, I am sure, to hear how I found my way back to the Hof; or how I told as much as I deemed prudent of the evening's gruesome work to the baron's servants, who, by the way, to my amazement, displayed the profoundest and most unmistakable sorrow at the tidings, and sallied forth (at their head the Cossack who had seen us depart) to seek for his remains. Excuse the unpleasantness of the remark; I fear the dogs must have left very little of him; he had dieted them so carefully. However, since it was to have been a case of 'chop, crunch, and gobble,' as the baron had it, I preferred that that particular fate should have overtaken him than me—or, for that matter, either of these two country people of ours in the sledge.

"Nor am I going to inflict upon you," continued Marshfield, after draining his glass, "a full account of my impressions when I found myself once more in that immense, deserted, and stricken house, so luxuriously prepared for the mistress who had fled from it; how I philosophized over all this, according to my wont; the conjectures I made as to the first acts of the drama, the untold sufferings my countrywoman must have endured from the moment her husband first grew jealous till she determined on this desperate step; as to how and when she had met her lover,

how they communicated, and how the baron had discovered the intended fitting in time to concoct his characteristic revenge.

"One thing you may be sure of, I had no mind to remain at Yany an hour longer than necessary. I even contrived to get well clear of the neighborhood before the lady's absence was discovered. Luckily for me—or I might have been taxed with connivance; though indeed the simple household did not seem to know what suspicion was, and accepted my account with childlike credence—very typical, and very convenient to me at the same time."

"But how do you know," said one of us, "that the man was her lover?—he might have been her brother or some other relative?"

"That," said Marshfield, with his little flat laugh, "I happen to have ascertained—and, curiously enough, only a few weeks ago. It was at the play, between the acts, from my comfortable seat (first row of the pit), I was looking leisurely round the house when I caught sight of a woman, in a box close by, whose head was turned from me, and who presented the somewhat unusual spectacle of a young neck and shoulders of the most exquisite contour—and perfectly grey hair; and not dull grey, but rather of a pleasing tint—like frosted silver. This aroused my curiosity. I brought my glasses to a focus on her, and waited patiently till she turned round. Then I recognized the Baroness Kossowski, and I no longer wondered at the young hair being white.

"Yet she looked placid and happy; strangely so, it seemed to me, under the sudden reviving in my memory of such scenes as I have now described. But presently I understood further; beside her, in close attendance, was the man of the sledge, a handsome fellow, with much of a military air about him.

"During the course of the evening, as I watched, I saw a friend of mine come into the box, and at the end I slipped out into the passage to catch him as he came out.

"Who is the woman with the white hair?" I asked. Then, in the fragmentary style approved of by ultra-fashionable young men—this earnest—languid mode of speech presents curious similarities in all languages—he told me: 'Most charming couple in London—awfully pretty, wasn't she? He had been in the Guards—*attaché* at Vienna once—they adored each other. White hair, devilish queer, wasn't it? Suited her, somehow. And

then she had been married to a Russian, or something, somewhere in the wilds, and their names were ——' But do you know," said Marshfield, interrupting himself, "I think I had better let you find that out for yourselves, if you care."

From Longman's Magazine.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA.

III.

ON Friday the 12th the Armada passed the mouth of the Forth. Howard had followed so far, expecting that it might seek shelter there. But it went by with a leading wind. He knew then that till another season they would see no more of it, so put about and returned to Margate.

Relieved of his alarming presence, the Spaniards were able to look into their condition and to prepare for a voyage which might now be protracted for several weeks. The duke himself was short and sullen, shut himself in his state-room and refused to see or speak with any one. Diego Florez became the practical commander, and had to announce the alarming news that the provisions taken in at Corunna had been wholly inadequate, and that at the present rate of consumption they would all be starving in a fortnight. The state of the water supply was worst of all, for the casks had most of them been destroyed by the English guns. The salt meat and fish were gone or spoilt. The rations were reduced to biscuit. Half a pound of biscuit, a pint of water, and half a pint of wine was all that each person could be allowed. Men and officers fared alike; and on this miserable diet, and unprovided with warm clothing, which they never needed in their own sunny lands, the crews of the Armada were about to face the cold and storms of the northern latitude.

They had brought with them many hundreds of mules and horses. They might have killed and eaten them, and so mitigated the famine. But they thought of nothing. The wretched animals were thrown overboard to save water, and the ships in the rear sailed on through floating carcasses — a ghastly emblem of the general wreck. The duke felt more than the officers gave him credit for. In a letter which he despatched to Philip on August 21, in a forlorn hope that it might reach Spain somehow, he described the necessity which had been found of cutting down the food, and the consequent suffer-

ing.* That alone would have been enough, for the men were wasting to a shadow of themselves, but besides there were three thousand sick with scurvy and dysentery, and thousands more with wounds uncured.

But if he sympathized with the men's distresses he did not allow his sympathy to be seen. He knew that he was blamed for what had happened, that he was distrusted and perhaps despised; and while keeping aloof from every one, he encouraged their resentment by deserving it. Many persons might have been in fault. But there is a time for all things, and those wretched days, wretched mainly through the duke's own blunders, were not a time for severity; yet it pleased him, while secluded in his cabin, to order an inquiry into the conduct of the commanders who had lost their anchors at Calais, and had failed to support him in the action which followed. He accused them of cowardice. He held a court-martial on them and ordered twenty to be executed. Death with most was exchanged for degradation and imprisonment, but two poor wretches were selected on whom the sentence was to be carried out, as exceptionally culpable. When he had decided to fly, the duke had ordered that the whole fleet should remain behind the San Martin. A Captain Cuellar and a Captain Christobal de Avila had strayed for a few miles ahead, intending, as the duke perhaps supposed, to desert. Don Christobal, to the disgust of the fleet, was executed with a parade of cruelty. He was hung on the yard of a pinnace, which was sent round the squadrons with Don Christobal's body swinging upon it before it was thrown into the sea. Cuellar's fate was to have been the same. He commanded a galleon called the San Pedro. He had been in the action and had done his duty. His ship had been cut up. He himself had not slept for ten days, having been in every fight since the Armada entered the Channel. When all was over, and the strain had been taken off, he had dropped off exhausted. His sailing master, finding the San Pedro leaking, had gone in advance to lay-to and examine her hurts. Exasperated at the disobedience to his direction, the duke sent for Cuellar,

* Por ser tan pocos los bastimentos que se llevan, que, para que puedan durar un mes, y el agua, se han acortado las raciones generalmente sin exceptuar persona, porque no perezcan, dando se media libra de biscocho, y un cuartillo de agua, y medio de vino sin ninguna otra cosa, con que se va padeciendo lo que V.M. podra juzgar. (Medina Sidonia to Philip, August 21. Duro, vol. ii., p. 226.)

refused to listen to his defence, and ordered him to be hanged. Don Francisco de Bobadilla with difficulty obtained his life for him, but he was deprived of his ship and sent under arrest to another galeon, to encounter, as will be seen, a singular adventure.

The display of temper, added to the general conviction of the duke's unfitness for his place, may have been the cause of the dispersal of the Armada which immediately followed. The officers felt that they must shift for themselves. The fleet held together as far as the Orkneys. The intention was to hold a northerly course till the 60th parallel. Assuming the wind to remain in the west, the pilots held that from this altitude the galleons could weather the Irish coast at sufficient distance to be out of danger—to weather Cape Clear, as they described it, but the Cape Clear which they meant—a glance at the map will show it—was not the point so named at present, but Clare Island, the extreme western point of Mayo. The high-built, broad, and shallow galleons were all execrable sailers, but some sailed worse than others, and some were in worse condition than others. They passed the Orkneys together, and were then separated in a gale. The nights were lengthening, the days were thick and misty, and they lost sight of each other. Two or three went north as far as the Faroe Islands, suffering pitifully from cold and hunger. Detachments, eight or ten together, made head as they could, looking westward, against wind and sea, the men dying daily in hundreds. The San Martin, with sixty ships in company, kept far out into the Atlantic, and they rolled down towards the south dipping their mainyards in the tremendous seas. On August 21, the day on which the duke wrote to Philip, they were two hundred miles west of Cape Wrath, amidst the tumult of the waters. "The Lord," he said, "had been pleased to send them a fortune different from that which they had looked for; but since the expedition had been undertaken from the beginning in the Lord's service, all doubtless had been ordered in the manner which would conduce most to the king's advantage and the Lord's honor and glory. The fleet had suffered so heavily that they had considered the best thing which they could do would be to bring the remains of it home in safety. Their finest ships had been lost, their ammunition had been exhausted, and the enemy's fleet was too strong for what was left. The English guns were heavier; their sailing powers

immeasurably superior. The sole advantage of the Spaniards was in small arms, and these they could not use, as the enemy refused to close. Thus, with the assent of the vice-admirals, he was making for home round the Scotch Isles. The food was short; the dead were many; the sick and wounded more. He himself could but pray that they might soon reach a port, as their lives depended on it."

This letter, though sent off out of the Western Ocean, did eventually reach the king's hands. Meanwhile the weather grew wilder and wilder. The number of vessels which could bear up against the gales diminished daily, and one by one they fell to leeward on the fatal Irish shore. Leaving Medina Sidonia and the survivors who reached home along with him, the story must follow those who were unequal to the work required of them. The Spaniards were excellent seamen. They had navigated ships no worse than those which were lumbering through the Irish seas, among West-Indian hurricanes and through the tempests at Cape Horn. But these poor wretches were but shadows of themselves; they had been poisoned at the outset with putrid provisions; they were now famished and sick, their vessels' sides torn to pieces by cannon-shot and leaking at a thousand holes, their wounded spars no longer able to bear the necessary canvas; worst of all, their spirits broken. The superstitious enthusiasm with which they started had turned into a fear that they were the objects of a malignant fate with which it was useless to struggle. Some had been driven among the Western Islands of Scotland; the ships had been lost; the men who got on shore alive made their way to the Low Countries, but these were the few. Thirty or forty others had attempted in scattered parties to beat their way into the open sea. But, in addition to hunger, the men were suffering fearfully for want of water and perhaps forced the pilots either to make in for the land, or else to turn south before they had gained sufficient offing. Thus, one by one all these drove ashore, either on the coast of Sligo or Donegal, or in Clew Bay or Galway Bay, or the rocks of Clare and Kerry, and the wretched crews who escaped the waves found a fate only more miserable. The gentlemen and officers, soiled and battered though they were, carried on land such ornaments as they possessed. The men had received their pay at Corunna, and naturally took it with them in their pockets. The wild Irish

were tempted by the plunder. The gold chains and ducats were too much for their humanity, and hundreds of half-drowned wretches were dragged out of the waves only to be stripped and knocked on the head, while those who escaped the Celtic skenes and axes, too weak and exhausted to defend themselves, fell into the hands of the English troops who were in garrison in Connaught. The more intelligent of the Irish chiefs hurried down to prevent their countrymen from disgracing themselves. They stopped the robbing and murdering, and a good many unfortunate wretches found shelter in their castles. Such Spaniards as were taken prisoners by the English met a fate of which it is impossible to read without regret. Flung as they were upon the shore, ragged, starved, and unarmed, their condition might have moved the pity of less generous foes. But the age was not pitiful. Catholic fanaticism had declared war against what it called heresy, and the heretics had to defend their lives and liberties by such means as offered themselves. There might be nothing to fear from the Spanish prisoners in their present wretchedness, but if allowed to recover and find protection from Irish hospitality, they might and would become eminently dangerous. The number of English was small, far too small, to enable them to guard two or three thousand men. With the exception, therefore, of one or two officers who were reserved for ransom, all that were captured were shot or hanged on the spot.

The history of these unfortunates must be looked for in the English records rather than the Spanish. They never returned to Spain to tell their own story, and Captain Duro has little to say about them beyond what he has gathered from English writers. Among the documents published by him, however, there is an extraordinary narrative related by the Captain Cuellar who so nearly escaped hanging, a narrative which not only contains a clear account of the wreck of the galleons, but gives a unique and curious picture of the Ireland of the time.

The scene of the greatest destruction among the ships of the Armada was Sligo Bay. It is easy to see why. The coast on the Mayo side of it trends away seventy miles to the west as far as Achill and Clare Island, and ships embayed there in heavy south-westerly weather had no chance of escape. On one beach, five miles in length, Sir Jeffrey Fenton counted eleven hundred dead bodies, and the country

people told him, "the like was to be seen in other places." Sir William Fitzwilliam saw broken timber from the wrecks lying near Ballyshannon "sufficient to have built five of the largest ships in the world," besides masts and spars and cordage, and boats bottom uppermost. Among the vessels which went ashore at this spot to form part of the ruin which Fitzwilliam was looking upon was a galleon belonging to the Levantine squadron, commanded by Don Martin de Aranda, to whose charge Cuellar had been committed when Bobadilla saved him from the yard-arm. Don Martin, after an ineffectual struggle to double Achill Island, had fallen back into the bay and had anchored off Ballyshannon in a heavy sea with two other galleons. There they lay for four days, from the first to the fifth of September, when the gale rising their cables parted, and all three drove on shore on a sandy beach among the rocks. Nowhere in the world does the sea break more violently than on that cruel, shelterless strand. Two of the galleons went to pieces in an hour. The soldiers and sailors, too weak to struggle, were most of them rolled in the surf till they were dead and then washed up upon the shingle. Gentlemen and servants, nobles and common seamen, shared the same fate. Cuellar's ship had broken in two, but the fore-castle held a little longer together than the rest, and Cuellar, clinging to it, watched his comrades being swept away and destroyed before his eyes. The wild Irish were down in hundreds stripping the bodies. Those who had come on shore with life in them fared no better. Some were knocked on the head, others had their clothes torn off and were left naked to perish of cold. Don Diego Enriquez, a high-born patrician, passed with the Conde de Villafranca and sixty-five others, into his ship's tender carrying bags of ducats and jewels. They went below, and fastened down the hatchway, hoping to be rolled alive on land. A huge wave turned the tender bottom upwards, and all who were in it were smothered. As the tide went back the Irish came with their axes and broke a hole open in search of plunder; while Cuellar looked on speculating how soon the same fate would be his own, and seeing the corpses of his comrades dragged out, stripped naked, and left to the wolves. His own turn came at last. He held on to the wreck till it was swept away, and he found himself in the water with a brother officer who had stuffed his pockets full of gold. He could not swim, but he caught a scuttle board as

it floated by him and climbed up upon it. His companion tried to follow, but was washed off and drowned. Cuellar a few minutes later was tossed ashore, his leg badly cut by a blow from a spar in the surf. Drenched and bleeding as he was, he looked a miserable figure. The Irish, who were plundering the better dressed of the bodies, took no notice of him. He crawled along till he found a number of his countrymen who had been left with nothing but life, bare to their skins, and huddled together for warmth. Cuellar, who had still his clothes, though of course drenched, lay down among some rushes. A gentleman, worse off than he, for he was entirely naked, threw himself at his side too spent to speak. Two Irishmen came by with axes who, to Cuellar's surprise, cut some bushes, which they threw over them for a covering, and went on to join in the pillage on the shore. Cuellar, half dead from cold and hunger, fell asleep. He was woke by a troop of English horsemen galloping by for a share in the spoil. He called his comrade but found him dead, while all round the crows and wolves were busy over the naked carcases. Something like a monastery was visible not far off. Cuellar limped along till he reached it. He found it deserted. The roof had been lately burnt. The images of the saints lay tumbled on the ground. In the nave twelve Spaniards were hanging from the rafters. The monks had fled to the mountains.

Sick at the ghastly spectacle, he crept along a path through a wood, when he came upon an old woman who was hiding her cattle from the English. Her cabin was not far distant, but she made signs to him to keep off as there were enemies in occupation there. Wandering hopelessly on, he fell in with two of his countrymen, naked and shivering. They were famished, and they went back together to the sea, hoping to find some fragments of provision washed on land. On the way they came on the body of Don Enriquez and stopped to scrape a hole in the sand and bury it. While they were thus employed a party of Irish came up, who pointed to a cluster of cabins and intimated that if they went there they would be taken care of. Cuellar was dead lame. His companions left him. At the first cottage which he reached, there was an old Irish "savage," an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a girl. The Englishman struck at him with a knife and gave him a second wound. They stripped him to his shirt, took a gold chain from him, which they

found concealed under it, and a purse of ducats. They would have left him *en cueiros*, like the rest, without a rag upon him, had not the girl interposed, who affected to be a Christian, "though she was no more a Christian than Mahomet." The Frenchman proved to be an old sailor who had fought at Terceira. In him the Spanish captain found some human kindness, for he bound up his leg for him and gave him some oatcakes with butter and milk. The Frenchman then pointed to a ridge of distant mountains. There, he said, was the country of the O'Rourke, a great chief, who was a friend of the king of Spain. O'Rourke would take care of him, and many of his comrades had already gone thither for protection. With his strength something restored by the food, Cuellar limped along, stick in hand. At night he stopped at a hut where there was a lad who could speak Latin. This boy talked with him, gave him supper and a bundle of straw to sleep upon. About midnight the boy's father and brother came in, loaded with plunder from the wrecks. They, too, did him no hurt, and sent him forward in the morning with a pony and a guide. English soldiers were about, sent, as he conjectured, probably with truth, to kill all the Spaniards that they could fall in with. The first party that he met did not see him. With the second he was less fortunate. His guide saved his life by some means which Cuellar did not understand. But they beat him and took his shirt from him, the last of his garments that had been left. The boy and pony went off, and he thought then that the end was come and prayed God to finish with him and take him to his mercy. Forlorn as he was, however, he rallied his courage, picked up a piece of old matting, and with this and some plaited ferns made a shift to cover himself, and thus costumed he went on to a hamlet at the side of a lake. The hovels of which it consisted were all empty; he entered the best-looking of them, found some fagots of oat-straw, and was looking about for a place to sleep among them, when three naked figures sprang suddenly up. He took them for devils, and in his extraordinary dress they thought the same of him; but they proved to have belonged to the wrecked galleons; one of them a naval officer, the other two soldiers. They explained mutually who they were, and then buried themselves in the oat-sheaves and slept. They remained there for warmth and concealment all the next day. At night, having wrapped themselves in

straw, they walked on till they reached the dominions of the chief to whom they had been directed. O'Rourke himself was absent "fighting the English," but his wife took them in, fed them, and allowed them to stay. As a particular favor she bestowed an old cloak upon Cuellar, which he found, however, to be swarming with lice. The hospitality was not excessive. A report reached him that a Spanish ship had put into Killebegs harbor, was refitting for sea, and about to sail. He hurried down to join her, but she was gone. He learnt afterwards that she had been wrecked and that all on board had perished.

He was now like a hunted wolf. The English deputy had issued orders that every Spaniard in the country must be given up to the government. The Irish did not betray Cuellar, but they did not care to risk their necks by giving him shelter, and he wandered about through the winter in Sligo and Donegal, meeting with many strange adventures. His first friend was a poor priest, who was performing his functions among the Irish, in spite of the law, disguised as a layman. From this man he met with help. He worked next as a journeyman with a blacksmith, and the blacksmith's wife, who was a brute. The priest delivered him from these people, and carried him to a castle, which, from the description, appears to have been on Lough Erne, and here, for the first time, he met with hearty hospitality, in the Irish understanding of the term. The owner of the castle was a gentleman. He recognized an ally in every enemy of England. He took Cuellar into his troop of retainers, and dressed him in the saffron mantle of the Irish Gallowglas. For some weeks he was now permitted to rest and recover himself, and he spent the time in learning the manners of the people. The chief's wife was beautiful, unlike the blacksmith's, and the handsome and unfortunate Spanish officer was an interesting novelty. Besides the lady there were other girls in the castle, who came about him perhaps too ardently, asked him a thousand questions, and at length insisted that he should examine their hands and tell their fortunes. He had learnt palmistry from the gipsies in his own land. His invention was ready. He spoke Latin, which they could understand, and gathered from their lips broken fragments of their own Irish. At length, with his art and his attractiveness, he gives the reader to understand that he was inconveniently popular; men and

women persecuted him with demands and attentions, and he had to throw himself on the protection of the chief himself. He describes the habits and character of the people as if he was writing of a fresh discovered island in the New World.

They lived, he said, like mere savages about the mountains. Their dwelling-places were thatched hovels. The men were large-limbed, well-shaped, and light as stags (*suelos como corzos*). They took but one meal a day, and that at night. Their chief food was oatmeal and butter; their drink sour milk, for want of anything better, and never water, though they had the best in the world. The usquebaugh he does not mention. On feast days they dined on underdone boiled meat, which they ate without bread or salt. The costume of the men was a pair of tight-fitting breeches with a goatskin jacket; over this a long mantle. Their hair they wore low over their eyes. They were strong on their legs, could walk great distances, and were hardy and enduring. They, or such of them as he had known, paid no obedience to the English. They were surrounded by swamps and bogs, which kept the English at a distance, and there was constant war between the races. Even among themselves they were famous thieves. They robbed from each other, and every day there was fighting. If one of them knew that his neighbor had sheep or cow, he would be out at night to steal it, and kill the owner. Some man in this way collected large herds and flocks, and then the English would come down on him, and he had to fly to the hills with wife, and children, and stock. Sheep and cattle were their only form of property. They had no clothes and no furniture. They slept on the ground on a bed of rushes, cut fresh as they wanted them, wet with rain or stiff with frost. The women were pretty, but ill-dressed. A shift or a mantle, and a handkerchief knotted in front over the forehead, made their whole toilet; and on the women was thrown all the homework, which, after a fashion, they managed to do. The Irish professed to be Christians. Mass was said after the Roman rule. Their churches and houses of religion had been destroyed by the English, or by such of their own countrymen as had joined the English. In short, they were a wild, lawless race, and every one did as he liked. They wished well to the Spaniards because they knew them to be enemies of the English heretics, and had it not been for the friendliness which they had shown, not one of those who had come

on shore would have survived. It was true at first they plundered and stripped them naked, and fine spoils they got out of the thirteen galleons which were wrecked in that part of the country. But as soon as they saw that the Spaniards were being killed by the English, they began to take care of them.

Such was Cuellar's general picture, very like what was drawn by the intruding Saxon, and has been denounced as calumny. Cuellar was, at any rate, impartial, and rather liked his hosts than otherwise. The lord deputy was alarmed at the number of fugitives said to be surviving. As the orders to surrender them had not been attended to, he collected a force in Dublin and went in person into Ulster to enforce obedience. Cuellar's entertainer had been especially menaced, and had to tell his guests that he could help them no further. He must leave his castle and retreat himself with his family into the mountains, and the Spaniards must take care of themselves. Cuellar calls the castle Manglana; local antiquaries may be able to identify the spot. It stood on a promontory projecting into a long, deep, and broad lake, and was covered on the land side by a swamp. It could not be taken without boats or artillery, and the Spaniards offered to remain and defend it if the chief would leave them a few muskets and powder, with food for a couple of months. There were nine of them. The chief agreed, and let them have what they wanted; and, unless Cuellar lies, he and his friends held "Manglana" for a fortnight against a force of eighteen hundred English, when God came to their help by sending such weather that the enemy could not any longer keep the field.

The chief, finding the value of such auxiliaries, wished to keep them permanently with him, and offered Cuellar his sister for a wife. Cuellar, however, was longing for home. He supposed that if he could reach Scotland he could cross easily from thence to Flanders. One night after Christmas he slipped away and made for Antrim, travelling, seemingly, only in the dark, and hiding during day. He was in constant danger, as the tracks were watched, and suspected persons were seized and searched. He got as far as the Giant's Causeway; there he heard particulars of the wreck of the ship which he had tried to join at Killebegs. It was a galeass with Alonzo de Leyva and two or three hundred others with him. They were all dead, and Cuellar saw the relics of them which the people had collected on

the shore. Alonzo de Leyva was the best loved of all the Spaniards in the fleet, and the sight of the spot where he had perished was a fresh distress. He was afraid to approach a port lest he should be seized and hanged. For six weeks he was hid away by some women, and after that by a bishop, who was a good Christian, though dressed like a savage. This bishop had a dozen Spaniards with him, fed, clothed, and said mass for them, and at last found a boat to carry them across the Channel. They went, and after three days' struggle contrived to land in Argyllshire. They had been led to hope for help from James. Cuellar says that they were entirely mistaken. James never gave them a bawbee, and would have handed them over to the English if he had not been afraid of the resentment of the Scotch Catholic nobles. The Calvinist Lowlanders showed them scanty hospitality. The Prince of Parma was informed of their condition, and agreed with a Flemish merchant to bring over to him all the Spaniards, now numerous, who were on Scotch soil, at five ducats a head. Even yet misfortune had not tired of persecuting them. In their passage they were chased and fired on by a Dutch frigate. They had to run ashore, where they were intercepted by the Hollanders, and all but Cuellar and two of his companions were killed.

So ends the Spanish captain's story. The wide calamities involving multitudes are but the aggregate of the sufferings of each individual of whom the multitude is composed. Cuellar came off luckily compared with most of his companions. Each of the twenty-nine thousand men who sailed in July from Corunna would have had to relate a tale of misery at least as pitiful as his, and the worst of all was that no one's neck was wrung for it.

The sixty galleons who remained with the duke till the end of August were parted again by a south-westerly gale, off the point of Kerry. The duke himself passed so far out to sea that he did not see the Irish coast at all. Recalde, with two large ships besides his own, had come round Dunmore head, near the land. His crews were dying for want of water. He seems to have known Dingle. Dr. Sanders, with the pope's contingent, had landed there eight years before, and a statement in an account of Recalde's life that he had once carried a thousand men to the coast of Ireland, refers probably to that occasion. At all events, he was aware that there was a harbor in Dingle Bay, and he made for it with his consorts. One

of them, Our Lady of the Rosary, was wrecked in Blasket Sound. She carried seven hundred men when she sailed out of Lisbon. Two hundred out of the seven were alive in her when she struck the rock, and every one of them perished, save a single lad. Recalde, with the others, anchored in the Dingle estuary, and sent in to the town a passionate entreaty to be allowed to fill his water-casks. The fate of the Papal troops, who had been all executed a few miles off, had so frightened the Irish there that they did not dare to consent. The English account states that he had to sail as he was, to live or die. The belief in Spain was that he took the water that he wanted by force. Perhaps the inhabitants were not entirely inhuman, and did not interfere. He saved the lives for the moment of the wretched men under his charge, though most of them perished when they reached their homes; he brought back his ship to Corunna, and there died himself two days after his arrival, worn out by shame and misery.

Oquendo also reached Spain alive. The persevering west winds drove him down the Bay of Biscay, and he made his way into St. Sebastian, where he had a wife and children; but he refused to see them; he shut himself into a solitary room, turned his face to the wall, and ended like Recalde, unable to outlive the disgrace of the gallant navy which he had led so often into victory. They had done all that men could do. On the miserable day when their commander decided to turn his back and fly they would have forced him upon a more honorable course, and given the forlorn adventure an issue less utterly ignominious. But their advice had been rejected. They had sailed away from an enemy whose strength at most was not greater than theirs. They had escaped from a battle with a human foe to a more fatal war with the elements, and they had seen their comrades perish round them, victims of folly and weakness. The tremendous catastrophe broke their hearts, and they lay down and died. Oquendo's Capitana had been blown up after the fight at Plymouth. By a strange fatality the ship which brought him home blew up also in the harbor at St. Sebastian. The explosion may have been the last sound which reached his failing sense. The stragglers came in one by one; sixty-five only of the hundred and thirty who, in July, had sailed out of Corunna full of hope and enthusiasm. In those hundred and thirty had been twenty-nine thousand human creatures, freshly dedicated to what

they called the service of their Lord. Nine or ten thousand only returned; a ragged remnant, shadows of themselves, sinking under famine and fever and scurvy, which carried them off like sheep with the rot. When they had again touched Spanish soil, a wail of grief rose over the whole peninsula, as of Rachel weeping for her children; yet above it all rose the cry, Where was Alonzo de Leyva? Where was the flower of Spanish chivalry? Cuellar knew his fate; but Cuellar was with his Irish chief far away. Weeks, even months, passed before certain news arrived, and rumor invented imaginary glories for him. He had rallied the missing galleons, he had fallen in with Drake, had beaten and captured him, and had sunk half the English fleet. Vain delusion! De Leyva, like Oquendo and Recalde, had done all which could be done by man, and God had not interposed to help him. He had fought his Rata Coronada till her spars were shot away and her timbers pierced like a sieve. She became water-logged in the gales on the Irish coast. A second galleon and the survivors of the four galleasses were in his company. The Rata and the galleon drove ashore. De Leyva, in the galleass, made Killebegs harbor, and landed there with fourteen hundred men. It was the country of the O'Neil. They were treated with the generous warmth which became the greatest of the Irish chieftains. But their presence was known in Dublin. O'Neil was threatened, and De Leyva honorably refused to be an occasion of danger to him. He repaired the galleass at Killebegs. The October weather appeared to have settled at last, and he started again with as many of his people as the galleass would carry to make the coast of Scotland. She had passed round the north of Donegal, she had kept along the land and had almost reached the Giant's Causeway, when she struck a rock and went to pieces, and De Leyva and his companions went the way of the rest.

The men who came back seemed as if they had been smitten by a stroke from which they could not rally. One of them describes pathetically the delight with which, after those desperate storms, and hunger and cold and thirst, they felt the warmth of the Spanish sun again; saw Spanish grapes in the gardens at Santander, and the fruit hanging on the trees; had pure bread to eat and pure water to drink. But the change brought no return of health. For the first weeks they were left on board their ships, no preparation

on shore having been made to receive them. When the mortality was found rather to increase than diminish, they were moved to hospitals, but they died still by hundreds daily, as if destiny or Providence was determined to sweep off the earth every innocent remnant of the shattered expedition, while those who were really to blame escaped unpunished.

Medina Sidonia had been charged by Philip to report his progress to him as often as messengers could be sent off. He had written when off the Lizard before his first contact with the enemy. He had written again on August 21 among the Atlantic rollers, when he believed that he was bringing home his charge at least safe if not victorious. On September 22 he arrived at Santander, and on the 23rd reported briefly the close of the tragedy so far as it was then known to him. The weather, he said, had been terrible since he last wrote. Sixty-one vessels were then with him. They had held tolerably well together till September 18, when they were caught in another gale, and fifty of them had gone he knew not where. Eleven only had remained with himself. They had made the coast near Corunna, and had signalled for help, but none had come off. They had then gone on to Santander and were lying there at anchor. He had himself gone on shore, being broken down by suffering. The miseries which they had gone through had exceeded the worst that had ever before been heard of. In some ships there had not been a drop of water for fourteen days. A hundred and eighty of the crew of the San Martin had died, the rest were down with putrid fever. Of his personal attendants all were dead but two. There was not food enough left on board for those who were alive to last two days, while he "blessed the Lord for all that he had ordained." He prayed the king to see instantly to their condition, and to send them money, for they had not a maravedi in the fleet. He was himself too ill to do anything. There was no person whose duty it was to help them, neither inspector, purveyor, nor paymaster. They could obtain nothing that they wanted. He had written to the Archbishop of Burgos for assistance in establishing a hospital.*

The opinion in Spain was savagely hostile to the duke. It was thought that if he had possessed the feelings of a gentleman, he would have died of the disgrace like

Oquendo and Recalde. The duke, so far from feeling that he was himself to blame, considered that he above the rest had most reason to complain of having been forced into a position which he had not sought and for which he had protested his unfitness. Being lord high admiral his business was to remain with the fleet, however ill he might be, till some other responsible officer could be sent to relieve him. His one desire was to escape from the sight of ships and everything belonging to them, and hide himself and recover his spirits in his palace at San Lucar. Not Sancho, when he left his island, could be in greater haste to rid himself of his office and all belonging to it.

On September 27, before an answer could arrive from Philip, he wrote again to Secretary Idiaquez. Almost all the sailors were dead, he said. Many of the ships were dismasted; no one could believe the state in which they were. Idiaquez must look to it. For himself, his health was broken; he was unfit for further duty, and even if he was perfectly well he would never go on shipboard again. He was absolutely without any knowledge either of navigation or of war, and the king could have no object in forcing him to continue in a service from which the State could derive no possible advantage. He begged that he might be thought of no more in connection with the navy, and that since the Lord had not been pleased to call him to that vocation, he might not be placed in a situation of which he could not, as he had many times explained, conscientiously discharge the duties. His Majesty, he said, could not surely wish the destruction of a faithful subject. With sea affairs he neither could nor would meddle any further, though it should cost him his head.* Better so than fail in an office of the duties of which he was ignorant and had to be guided by the advice of others, in whose honesty of intention he could feel no confidence.

The last allusion was of course to Diego Florez, on whom, since it was necessary to punish some one, the blame was allowed to fall. In justice, if justice was to have a voice in the matter, the person really guilty was Don Philip. Of the subordinates, Diego Florez was probably the most in fault, and he was imprisoned in the Castle of Burgos. For the rest, Philip was singularly patient, his conscience perhaps telling him that if he was to demand

* The Duke of Medina Sidonia to Philip, September 23, from Santander.

* En las cosas de la mer, por ningun caso ni por alguna via trataré dellas, aunque me costase la cabeza.

a strict account he would have to begin with himself. The popular story of the composure with which he heard of the fate of the Armada was substantially true, though rather too dramatically pointed. The awful extent of the catastrophe became known to him only by degrees, and the end of Alonzo de Leyva, which distressed him most of all, he only heard of at Christmas.

To the duke's letter he replied quietly and affectionately, without a syllable of reproach. Unlike Elizabeth, who left the gallant seamen who had saved her throne to die of want and disease in the streets of Margate, and had to be reminded that the pay of those who had been killed in her service was still due to their relations, Philip ordered clothes, food, medicine, everything that was needed, to be sent down in hottest haste to Corunna and Santander. The widows and orphans of the dead sailors and soldiers were sought out and pensioned at the cost of the State. To Medina Sidonia he sent the permission which the duke had asked for, to leave the fleet and go home. He could not in fairness have blamed a commander-in-chief for having failed in a situation for which he had protested his incompetence. The fault of Philip as a king and statesman was a belief in his own ability to manage things. In sending out the Armada he had set in motion a mighty force, not intending it to be used mightily, but that he might accomplish with it what he regarded as a master-stroke of tame policy. He had selected Medina Sidonia as an instrument who would do what he was told and would make no rash experiments. And the effect was to light a powder magazine which blew to pieces the naval power of Spain. It is to his credit, however, that he did not wreak his disappointment upon his instruments, and endured patiently what had befallen him as the will of God. The will of God, indeed, created a difficulty. The world had been informed so loudly that the Armada was going on the Lord's work, the prayers of the Church had been so long and so enthusiastic, and a confidence in what the Lord was to do had been generated so universally, that when the Lord had not done it, there was at once a necessity for acknowledging the judgment, and embarrassment in deciding the terms in which the truth was to be acknowledged. Philip's formal piety provided a solution which might have been missed by a more powerful intellect, and on the 13th of October the following curious letter was addressed by him to the bishops

and archbishops throughout his dominions:—

"Most Reverend, — The uncertainties of naval enterprises are well known, and the fate which has befallen the Armada is an instance in point. You will have already heard that the Duke of Medina Sidonia has returned to Santander, bringing back with him part of the fleet. Others of the ships have reached various ports, some of them having suffered severely from their long and arduous voyage. We are bound to give praise to God for all things which he is pleased to do. I on the present occasion have given thanks to him for the mercy which he has shown. In the foul weather and violent storms to which the Armada has been exposed, it might have experienced a worse fate; and that the misfortune has not been heavier is no doubt due to the prayers which have been offered in its behalf so devoutly and continuously.

"These prayers must have entailed serious expense and trouble on those who have conducted them. I wish you, therefore, all to understand that while I am, so far, well pleased with your exertions, they may now cease. You may wind up in the cathedrals and churches of your dioceses with a solemn Thanksgiving Mass on any day which you may appoint, and for the future I desire all ecclesiastics and other devout persons to continue to commend my actions to the Lord in their secret devotions, that he may so direct them as shall be for his own service, the exaltation of his Church, the welfare and safety of Christendom, which are the objects always before me.

"From the Escorial: October 13, 1588." *

Medina Sidonia reconsidered his resolution to have no more to do with ships and fighting. He was continued in his office of lord high admiral; he was again appointed governor of Cadiz, and he had a second opportunity of measuring himself against English seamen, with the same result as before. Essex went into Cadiz in 1596, as Drake had gone in 1587. The duke acted in the same manner, and withdrew to Seville to seek for reinforcements. He ventured back only after the English had gone, and was again thanked by his master for his zeal and courage. As if this was not enough, Philip, in 1598, raised him to the rank *Consejero altísimo de Estado y Guerra*, supreme councillor in politics and war. Who can wonder that

* Duro, vol. ii., p. 314.

under such a king the Spanish Empire went to wreck?

The people were less enduring. Clamors were raised that he had deserted the fleet at Santander, that he had shown cowardice in action, that he had neglected the counsels of his wisest admirals, that he was as heartless as he was incapable, and that, leaving the seamen and soldiers to die, he had hastened home to his luxuries at San Lucar. In reality he had gone with the king's permission, because he was useless and was better out of the way. He was accused of having carried off with him a train of mules loaded with ducats. He had told Philip that he had not brought home a maravedi, and if he had really taken money he would have done it less ostentatiously and with precautions for secrecy.

But nothing could excuse him to Spain. Every calumny found credit. He had shown "cobardia y continual pavor y miedo de morir, avaricia, dureza y crueldad"—cowardice, constant terror and fear of death, avarice, harshness, and cruelty. His real faults were enough without piling others on him of which he was probably innocent. With or without his will, he had been in the thickest and hottest parts of the hardest engagements, and the San Martin had suffered as severely as any ship in the fleet. He knew nothing of the work which he was sent to do; that is, probably, the worst which can justly be said of him; and he had not sought an appointment for which he knew that he was unfit. But an officer who tried to defend him was obliged to admit that it would have been happy for his country if the duke had never been born; that he threw away every chance which was offered him, and that he talked and consulted when acts and not words were wanted.

His journey home across Castile was a procession of ignominy. The street boys in Salamanca and Medina del Campo pelted him with stones; crowds shouted after him "A las gallinas, á las almadrabas"—"To the hens and the tunnies"—the tunnies being the fattest and the most timid of fish, and the tunny fishing being a monopoly of his dukedom. He was told that he had disgraced his illustrious ancestors, and that had he the spirit of man he would not have outlived his shame.

History does not record the reception which he met with from his wife when he reached his palace.

J. A. FROUDE.

From The Contemporary Review.
CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

I FIRST became acquainted with Mr. Parnell shortly after his entering the House of Commons in 1875. I knew nothing of him up to that time except his historic name. I knew that he belonged to the family of the Sir John Parnell who stood by Grattan's side in the long struggle against the passing of the fatal Act of Union. The mere name was naturally a recommendation to me. I used to watch the House of Commons very closely in those days, although I was not yet a member. At that time I did not intend to be a member. I had been asked more than once to stand for an Irish constituency, and I had always refused. I did not see anything in particular to go into Parliament for. I could not be an English member—I mean, I could not stand for an English constituency—with my strong Irish national sentiments; and there did not seem much that an Irish representative could do. The national cause had indeed revived under the name of Home Rule, and there were many earnest men in the House of Commons, even in those days, to speak up for that cause. Mr. Isaac Butt was the Home Rule leader, and among his followers were my late friend Alexander M. Sullivan, one of the most brilliant speakers who ever addressed the House of Commons as an Irish representative since the days of O'Connell; and there were many other eloquent and capable men. But there did not seem to me to be much life in the whole affair. The policy of Mr. Butt was to have what is called a "full dress debate" on Home Rule once in every session. Mr. Butt made a capital speech himself, full of argument and eloquence, and several of his followers made brilliant speeches. In fact, they had the argument and the eloquence all to themselves. Very few English or Scottish members took any part in the debate. Two nights were resignedly given up to the parade of the Irish members, and that was all. At the close of the debate the minister in charge got up and made a speech in which he complimented Mr. Butt on his ability and his eloquence—praised the general tone of the Irish speakers—greatly deprecated the extreme utterances of some few of them, and then blandly put the whole question away. He merely declared that it would not be possible for any English government even to argue the Home Rule question seriously; but considerably added that he and his

colleagues did not object to the Irish members having their annual say on the subject. Then the division was taken, thirty or forty one way — some hundreds the other way. Next morning the London daily papers all said that no English statesman could possibly promise even to grant an inquiry into the reason of the demand for Home Rule in Ireland. At that time all that members from Ireland asked for was a committee or commission to inquire into the reasonableness of the demand for Home Rule.

I did not see much promise in all this. Yet I had nothing better to suggest. The people of Ireland then took but little interest in Parliamentary agitation. There was no popular suffrage. Men who went into Parliament as avowed Irish Nationalists usually ended by taking some sort of office or place of emolument under the government. The memory of the treason of Keogh and Sadleir was still keen and bitter. Of the thoroughly honest Irishmen who had stood up for the cause in the most desolate and desperate moments there were few left. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was settled in Australia. My old friend, John Francis Maguire was dead. Frederick Lucas, that noble Englishman who loved Ireland as though she had been his own land, was dead. George Henry Moore was dead. John Pope Hennessy had taken to the colonial service, and was fighting everywhere a stout and gallant fight for the same rights of native populations which he had made while he was in the House of Commons. The moment seemed dark. Suddenly Mr. Parnell came into the House of Commons as successor to John Martin — "honest John Martin," as friends and opponents alike called him — one of the rebels of Forty-eight and a brother-in-law of John Mitchel. Mr. Parnell took up and systematized the plan of obstruction which Mr. Biggar had started and was carrying on in a more or less haphazard sort of way. I was impressed with Mr. Parnell's force of character from the very first. His peculiar quietness of manner, combined with his indomitable perseverance and his dauntless courage, filled me with respect and admiration. It seemed nothing to him, a raw young man just come from Cambridge, to stand up night after night and every night, and face the whole hostile House of Commons. He was a bad speaker at first — he was not anything of an orator even at the last — he had a poor vocabulary — words came to him with difficulty — his range of ideas seemed

curiously narrow; in short, according to all recognized rules and traditions of Parliamentary criticism he ought to have been a dead failure in the House of Commons. Yet there was the hard fact staring any impartial observer in the face — he was not a dead failure. The House for the most part — almost altogether — hated him; but it could not despise him or ignore him; it had to listen to him — it had to take account of him. The strength of genuine conviction and of thorough manhood was in him. If the House of Commons cannot conquer one man, then the one man conquers the House of Commons. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the House conquers the man. In Mr. Parnell's case the man conquered the House.

I soon began to look for great things from Mr. Parnell. I felt sure I had got at the purpose of his policy of obstruction. It was no mere wanton longing to disturb the business and the order of a Parliamentary assembly. It was a settled statesman-like policy, at once bold and subtle. I read it thus. Mr. Parnell was a man who had no faith in the possibility of success for the Irish national cause by an armed insurrection. I have often heard him say that an armed insurrection is a hopeless business in a country which has no mountains inland. Mountains round the coastline only, and a flat country all between, make guerilla warfare hopeless, he used to point out, and give the struggle into the hands of the imperial enemy with his ironclads and his long-range guns. But neither had Mr. Parnell any faith in the sort of Parliamentary action which was being carried on just then, the annual debate on Home Rule and the academic arguments drawn from the United States and Canada and Australia and Austria-Hungary. He saw that the vast majority of the people of Great Britain did not know or care anything about Home Rule — hardly knew that there was such a thing as a Home Rule party in Parliament. The great object, then, was to compel the English public to listen; and Mr. Parnell became more and more convinced that the great platform to use for that purpose was the House of Commons. If we could only compel the English public to listen, there would be some chance of our convincing them and carrying them with us. Without them, we could do nothing. But they would have to pay some attention to us, when we systematically said to the House of Commons: "If you will not listen to our claims you shall do no other business whatever. If you will not read

our petition, we can at least, like the woman in the Roman story, throw ourselves down before the feet of your horses and compel you either to stop on your way or to trample over our bodies."

That was the meaning of Mr. Parnell's obstruction. Of course, he was not the inventor of Parliamentary obstruction. Parliamentary obstruction has been a weapon applied at all times since ever there was a constitutional Parliament in England. But it was always before employed for the purpose of resisting some particular measure or delaying some particular policy. Mr. Parnell employed it for the purpose of obtaining a hearing for a great national cause. We know what happened. He obtained the hearing, and the true Liberalism of England and Scotland and Wales admitted at last the justice of the cause.

It soon became apparent to me that Mr. Parnell was on the right track, and I felt a strong desire to be with him in his plan of campaign. Still I did not accept his leadership. He offered me his influence and support if I would consent to stand for an Irish county under his leadership. I refused to accept the offer. I preferred to keep myself free. Suddenly a vacancy occurred in a county, and I was invited to stand. I was asked simply on my reputation as an Irish literary man, who, although making his living in London, had never ceased to be a Nationalist. I accepted the invitation, and was elected without opposition. I was not asked one single question about Mr. Parnell or his policy. I went into the House of Commons absolutely free and unpledged to any party—except, of course, to whatever party best represented in my opinion the cause of Ireland. This was while Mr. Butt still retained the leadership.

Mr. Butt died soon after. Some of Mr. Butt's devoted followers declared that Mr. Parnell had hounded him to his death. Of course, when any public man dies such a charge is made against somebody. It was flung out as an accusation against Sir Robert Peel that he had hounded Canning to his death. What Mr. Parnell did with regard to Mr. Butt was that he pressed on a plan of action more strong and direct than any of the methods which Mr. Butt was willing to adopt. I knew Mr. Butt and greatly admired his varied abilities. But I could not help seeing that his policy was thoroughly played out. I believed then, and I believe now, that Mr. Parnell had breathed a fresh and vigorous life into the party, and I gave him such support as

I could give. I think Mr. Parnell was perfectly right in the course he took. It is childish, and worse than childish, to say that if you set yourself in opposition to some particular policy conducted by a public man, with whose political purposes you are mainly in sympathy, and that man afterwards dies, you are open to the charge of having hounded him to his death. Such an absurd principle would render all progress in political affairs impossible. Yet it was for a long time a charge against Mr. Parnell that he had hounded Isaac Butt to his death. Before Mr. Butt's death, I had identified myself with Mr. Parnell's little party of some eight or ten members, and I stayed with him through many dark days and many grim fortunes.

On the death of Mr. Butt, Mr. Shaw became leader of our party for a short time. But after the general elections of 1880 it was clear to most of us that Mr. Parnell was destined to be the popular man in Ireland, and he was chosen leader over the head of Mr. Shaw. Had Mr. Shaw died anywhere about that time, we should of course have been charged with having hounded him to his death. Then came the most important crisis which, in my opinion, Mr. Parnell ever had to face. All the "moderate men," as they used to be called, and as they called themselves, straightway deserted him and us, and sat on benches opposed to us. Let it be remembered that at that time there was no popular franchise in Ireland. We knew very well that if the Irish peasant could be allowed to give his vote, that vote would have been given without hesitation for Mr. Parnell. But the suffrage in Ireland was still very narrow, and the peasant on the fields and the artisan in the towns had little or nothing to do with it. When we got, through Mr. Gladstone's means, the extended franchise some years after, we swept the country of the men who had followed Mr. Shaw. Not one of them, I think, came in at the elections of 1880. But in the mean time it was a terrible crisis for Mr. Parnell. He had not a majority of Irish members. He had no absolutely conclusive proof that the people of Ireland in general were with him; in the absence of a popular suffrage he could have no such proof. Yet he held his course with the sustaining conviction that time would prove him to be in the right. I admired him thoroughly during all those years of trial. We had to fight a long battle against coercion, and we had those against us who ought to have been for us. Mr. Parnell never lost courage,

temper, or confidence. Then came the terrible crisis of the Phoenix Park. For a moment, Mr. Parnell seemed desponding — almost despairing. "It is always like this in Ireland," he said more than once; "whenever she seems to come near the attainment of her desire, some calamity for which she is not responsible strikes in between her and her hope." I have thought of that saying since then.

Mr. Parnell soon rallied from the cruel effects of the murders in Phoenix Park. He became composed again and hopeful again. The general election of 1885 made him the leader of eighty-six followers — the large majority of the whole Irish representation. He kept up that majority after the elections of 1886 consequent on the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure. He was perfectly consistent in his political conduct up to this time. He was quite willing to accept Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure — he would have been willing, before that, to accept a Home Rule measure from the party to which the late Lord Carnarvon belonged. How near we were to getting a measure of Home Rule from the Tory government at that time, history will find it hard to settle until the day comes when all the political correspondence of 1885 may be safely made public. Mr. Parnell certainly did not seek out Lord Carnarvon. On the contrary, it was found difficult to induce him to meet Lord Carnarvon. But when he had seen Lord Carnarvon he would have been willing, of course, as we all should have been, to accept Home Rule from Lord Carnarvon or any one else who could give it to us. Mr. Parnell, however, expressed grave doubts as to whether Lord Carnarvon was strong enough to carry his party with him. Mr. Parnell, in fact, attached but little importance to the whole negotiation.

Mr. Parnell's great triumph came on the memorable night when, after the breakdown of the Pigott plot, he arose in the House of Commons and was greeted by the uprising of every Liberal member on the benches of the Opposition. A greater triumph no man ever had in the House of Commons. "If 'twere now to die, 'twere now to be most happy." He had been cruelly wronged. He had been basely calumniated. An indictment had been drawn up against a nation — against the nation of which he was the chosen representative. The calumnies had been disproved — had been atoned for in money, in shame, and in blood. The indictment against the nation had utterly failed. The

Liberals of England, Scotland, and Wales were eager to mark their sympathy with the calumniated leader of a calumniated nation. The demonstration was all the more splendid because it was spontaneous. In our generation no such scene is ever again likely to be looked upon in the House of Commons.

The special commission and the whole of the anxiety connected with it must have tried Mr. Parnell more than he ever admitted — more than he knew at the time. He certainly maintained nearly all through the ordeal the most absolute and serene composure. But there was one day when, at the close of his cross-examination, I and others who were near me in the court, felt only too well convinced that his nervous power had given way, and with it for the moment his understanding. He was evidently outworn, and he answered at random and without even looking at the report of some reputed statement of his own which he was expected to explain. I felt convinced then, and I feel convinced now, that he was not quite responsible for the words he was uttering. I had a theory then, and I have it still, about Mr. Parnell's occasional disappearances from public life. I have always thought that he knew at certain times that the wear and tear of nervous power was becoming too much for him — that he felt he must withdraw himself from active life for a short time; and that he believed the risk of any misconception or misconstruction was less than the risk of carrying on his public duties at a time when his nerves were positively not equal to the work. I give this but as a theory to others; for myself it has always been an explanation of much that otherwise would have been a mystery.

I have often been asked whether Mr. Parnell was an intellectual man. "*Dis-tinguo*." He was unquestionably a man of commanding intellect. What he accomplished proves that much more clearly than any panegyric or any argument could do. His work proves his intellect. But I suppose we can all see a distinct, although perhaps a subtle, difference between a man of intellect and an intellectual man. An intellectual man, in the literary or artistic sense, Mr. Parnell was not. He cared nothing about literature; he cared nothing about music; he cared little about painting or sculpture; he had no feeling whatever for poetry or for the beauty of a landscape, or for any of the unnumbered subjects and questions connected with all these. He had not the slightest interest in what are called "prob-

lems of life." I never heard from him a word that appertained to anything metaphysical or psychological, or to any form of self-analysis — that morbid pastime of the age — or analysis of any life problem whatever. He had but a slight and general knowledge of history. There are men who must be described as famous among the living in our day in art or letters, and whose names would have conveyed to Mr. Parnell's mind no manner of idea. I do not think I say a word too much when I say that the whole of the literary and artistic side of life was darkness to Mr. Parnell. It was not so much that he turned away from it as that he passed it without looking at it. But one could not talk with Mr. Parnell for long without gaining the impression that he was talking with a man of commanding intellect. Mr. Parnell never talked mere commonplaces. He took in new ideas slowly, but when once they had got into his mind they spread and germinated and became fertile there. He had a very quick and keen observation, and a remarkable judgment as to character and nature. He could look across a whole field of politics, and take in the complete situation at a glance. He had above all things the instinct and the genius of the commander-in-chief. In the council-room he was often slow, uncertain, undecided; sat silently listening to the opinions of others, put off his own judgment to the last, sometimes gave no opinion of his own, but suddenly adopted the opinion of another man. In whatever course he decided on taking he was almost sure to prove himself right in the result. But it was not in council that he showed himself at his best. It was in a crisis that his genius came suddenly out. A great unexpected political crisis arises in the House of Commons. Perhaps a vote of censure is brought forward and pressed against the ministry. The subject is one which does not involve any principle, so far as Irish opinion is concerned, and the decision of which either way would not directly affect any Irish interest. The Irish members are free to abstain altogether from voting, and, according to the traditions and the unwritten law of all independent parties in Parliament, they are free to vote for one side or the other, as either might be made indirectly or even remotely a means of advancing the interests of the Irish cause. Nothing has been decided by the Irish party; they are waiting for the development of the debate and of events. Events have changed, there is a collapse

here, a breakdown there; an admission made on the one side, a promise exacted on the other. The whole situation is new, and there is no time to consider it. The division bell will ring in a moment, and on the vote of the Irish party depends the fate of a ministry. Parnell sits for a moment silent, and his men all look to him. Suddenly he says, in the quietest and most unmoved tone: "I think we had better vote with the government this time;" or, "I think we shall do well by voting with the Opposition." I never knew Mr. Parnell to make a mistake in strategy or in tactics when he was thus suddenly thrown back upon his own instinct and his own inspiration as commander-in-chief. Most of those who have had anything to do with journalism must have known the special correspondent who is good for little or nothing if he is set down to write an account of some peaceful civil ceremonial, but who becomes a brilliant and powerful writer when he is wrapped in the smoke of a battlefield, and has to scratch down his "copy" on horseback, and with the shells screaming about him. The excitement gives him instant possession and command of all his finest faculties. Mr. Parnell sometimes reminded me of this order of special correspondent. The more exciting the crisis, the more severe the responsibility, the brighter and calmer became the intellect of our commander-in-chief. We knew we could always trust to his judgment then.

Mr. Parnell's policy grew upon him, and developed within him, as events went on. He could no more have intended at the beginning to do all that he did than Julius Cæsar could have started in life with the determination to become the greatest man in the world. In his university days he had no care about politics whatever; he hardly knew that there was any Irish national question. He himself told me some years ago of the accident, as it might almost be called, which first sent him into political life. Of course he must have come into politics sooner or later. He could no more have escaped his destined work in politics than Robert Burns could have avoided writing poetry. But as some chance impulse or inspiration has suddenly set many a poet writing, so there appears to have been an event which suddenly made Mr. Parnell a politician. At the time of the Fenian outbreak of 1867, Parnell's mother was in Ireland, staying at Avondale, his place in the county of Wicklow. She was an American, and was known to be in sympathy with many

of the Fenians, to whom she had been very kind. The Dublin authorities got into their mind the absurd idea that she was sheltering Fenians and storing firearms in her son's house. The police were sent to search the house, and I am told they persisted in searching the lady's own bedroom. Charles, her son, was then at Cambridge. The news of what he regarded naturally as a wanton insult to his mother filled him with anger. He was then a very young man, and not disposed to make much allowance for official stupidity, over-zeal, and blundering. But even when the very natural anger had subsided or spent itself the question remained: "What is the national cause which has my mother's sympathy—for which men calling themselves Fenians are prosecuted and imprisoned and transported, and for which they are willing to die? Is there a national cause? and if so, why am I not in it, as my ancestor was in the days of Henry Grattan?" Mr. Parnell began to study Irish politics. The moment he had made up his mind he flung himself into the struggle with characteristic energy and determination.

I have already shown what was the condition of the field over which Mr. Parnell had to cast his eyes before making up his mind as to his own course of action. It is curious to think what a fresh, untrained mind it was. Mr. Parnell had never attended the debates in the House of Commons, or read about them, or cared about them. He had known nothing of the Fenian cause or the Fenian leaders. But he seems to have at once made up his mind that there was nothing to be done by armed insurrection, and that there was nothing to be done by the sort of Parliamentary agitation which was going on. Now, if that had been the only conclusion he came to, there would not have been much political instinct or inspiration in it. Many of us had long come to that conclusion. It was better to have Isaac Butt's policy than absolutely nothing, for after all it kept the little Parliamentary lamp burning, and any light, however feeble, might have been looked to as a light of hope. But it was clear to most of us that the annual debate on Home Rule might go on for a century without making any impression on public opinion, and without converting the House of Commons. The House of Commons did not care three straws about the whole question. The House of Commons never takes the initiative. Free trade could never have been carried merely by Parliamentary debates

on the merits of the question. The Anti-Corn Law League got hold of the English democracy, and the English democracy, aided by an extraordinary and most calamitous crisis, converted Sir Robert Peel and the House of Commons. "Famine itself, against which we had warred, joined us," said John Bright. Without the Free Trade League, and, as it would seem, without the Irish famine, the eloquence of Cobden and Bright would have called aloud to solitude for years and years. Mr. Parnell seems to have made up his mind from a very early period of his political life that the first thing to do was to get a strong force of public opinion in Ireland behind him. Later on he came to be possessed with a feeling of the necessity for a great force of English public opinion behind him. But the first work was to get hold of Ireland, and bring its popular sentiment and support back to constitutional and Parliamentary agitation.

An English reader will never understand exactly what Mr. Parnell did or how he came to do it, unless he gets into his mind the central fact that when Mr. Parnell came into the House of Commons Ireland was only just barely recovering from a fit of very natural revulsion against all Parliamentary agitation. This feeling of revulsion had a twofold inspiration. Adventurers like Sadleir and Keogh had used Parliamentary agitation for their own swindling purposes, and their game had failed and ended in hideous personal and political catastrophes. Honest Irishmen who had done all their best for Ireland in the House of Commons had succeeded in doing little or nothing, and some of them had died and some of them had left the country. Therefore the new national movement under the new name of Home Rule had not taken much hold of the heart of the Irish population. To this very day—to this very hour—the memory of Sadleir and Keogh is appealed to in Ireland as a warning against any manner of Parliamentary agitation which does not have as its first principle hatred and hostility to the English Liberal party. It is forgotten that Keogh's most impassioned appeals were made to the men of the hillside, that he appealed shrilly to the unconstitutional forces, and professed a noble scorn of anything merely Parliamentary—until his scorn of Parliamentary methods had found him so firm in his Parliamentary seat as to enable him to use Parliamentary methods for his own personal advantage. It was Parnell's skill, foresight, and good fortune which enabled him to turn the very hatred

of the English Parliament into a means of bringing Ireland back to the ways of Parliamentary agitation. Does this seem a paradox? I shall show very easily that it was a sound and statesmanlike policy.

Why not start in the House of Commons an Irish National party, which should express by its very action in Parliament the distrust and hatred felt by so many of the Irish people for any and every English Parliament? Would not the vast majority of the Irish people soon begin to put faith in a party which employed its position in the House of Commons to worry and obstruct the House of Commons, and make it ridiculous in the eyes of foreign nations? What ardent Irish Nationalist could refuse to give his approval and his support to a party like that? Mr. Parnell came in at a fortunate time for such a policy. The Tories were engaged in passing a Coercion Act, and the prisons were yet full of Fenian captives. The country was getting tired of Butt's annual motions and the annual compliments paid to him by ministers of the crown. A new sensation ran through the veins of the people when it was found that a group of men had come up in the House of Commons who were determined to obstruct the government and every government in every way, and turn the rules of the House of Commons against the House itself. Mr. Parnell very wisely did not confine himself to Irish questions. Very early in his career he signalized himself by joining with a small and earnest set of English Radicals in obstructing the policy of the Tory government in South Africa. He took the leading part in the obstructive movement which ended in the abolition of flogging in the army and navy. Probably it was his experience of the effect that could be produced upon English popular feeling by a bold and daring policy of this kind which first put into his mind the idea that Home Rule itself could be carried by such a policy. Only by degrees and slowly could there have come on him a clear appreciation of the tremendous strength of a policy of systematized obstruction. I have heard it told as an anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon — I do not know whether it is true or not — that when somebody asked him what he would have done in his early preaching career if he had failed to secure the attention of the congregation, he declared that if he could not have accomplished his object otherwise he would have mounted the pulpit in a red coat, and so compelled attention. Mr. Spurgeon had a just confidence in what he intended to say. Only get the

congregation to listen at the first, and all the rest was safe. Something like that was the idea of Mr. Parnell and of his few associates in the early days of his obstruction. The immediate business was to obstruct coercion, and the Tory government who were pressing it on. That was work enough in itself to win the approval of all Irish Nationalists. Besides that, there was the fact that, while Isaac Butt always showed the utmost deference to the rules and the usages and the conventionalities of the House of Commons, this new party proclaimed an absolute indifference to all public opinion and all judgment except the public opinion and the judgment of the people of Ireland. And then behind all that — and this was the thought that came latest up in Mr. Parnell's mind — was the idea that if the Irish Nationalists could compel England, and especially the English democracy, to listen to what they had to say for Ireland, the English democracy would be converted to our cause. Mr. Parnell had at that time, and for years after, a great faith in the ultimate justice of English public opinion. He was patient, and quite willing to await results. I remember years after this, when the Parnell Commission was about to open, I told him one day that I thought some members of the Liberal Opposition were a little afraid of the possibility of unpleasant disclosures being made. He answered very composedly: "It is quite natural that they should be afraid," he said. "They do not know but that we may at one time or other have been prevailed upon to sanction, or at all events to overlook, the doing of some wild things. We are not alarmed, because we know that we never did anything of the kind. But they cannot know that as we do."

It was in that frame of mind that he took all the odium heaped upon him and his followers during the early chapters of obstruction. "It will all come right in the end," he used to say. "They will find that we have a real political purpose in what we are doing, and they will do us justice yet." I have heard and read a great deal about Mr. Parnell's ingrained hatred for England and the English. I never learned anything of the kind from any words of his, until the days of Committee Room Number Fifteen. He was a cool and critical observer of national peculiarities here, there, and everywhere, and his criticisms were unusually keen and just. He often criticised English ways as he criticised Irish ways or French or American ways, but of ingrained hatred to

England I at least knew nothing. Some of his followers owned to such a feeling, and declared that they could not help it. I never heard him say anything of the kind. He appeared to me to have had hardly any antipathies. He was possessed by one great idea — "possessed," in the old sense — the idea of carrying Home Rule for Ireland. He always told me that when Home Rule was carried he hoped very soon to be able to retire into private life. So practical was his turn of mind that he told me some years ago he had been studying the famous old building in College Green, and that he feared it would be found wholly unsuited for the purposes of a modern Irish Parliament. "We must sit there for a session or two," he said, "for the sake of the historic association; but I fear that we shall then have to find out some other place — perhaps to build a new place altogether." He knew well that we were years off then from the accomplishment of our wishes; but his faith was firm that the wishes must be accomplished, and he was already looking out for the practical arrangements which must be made on their accomplishment. The act was characteristic of the man. He was eminently practical; he had no interest in abstractions. Even national sentiments he regarded but as means to accomplish a practical result. I have no wish to speak about the events of the last twelve months. It is a fine and a true saying that the forbearance which seemed too much for the living seems too little for the dead. I think of Mr. Parnell as I knew him during the years that we fought side by side. As Carlyle asks, when trying to sum up the character of Mirabeau, "What formula is there, never so comprehensive, that will express truly the *plus* and the *minus* of him — give us the accurate net result of him?" "There is hitherto none such," says Carlyle, speaking of Mirabeau. "There is hitherto none such," I say, speaking of Parnell.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH.

Sileant arma! Sound a truce between the hosts while the commanders catch their breath, the soldiers lower their arms, and the rabble of camp-followers hold their peace, out of respect to the honored dead.

For we are all one nation after all, though we have peculiar ways of showing it, and this day England numbers one

fewer in the roll of her true and noble servants — adds one name to the list of her departed statesmen. A thousand pens are at this moment flying through obituary notices of Mr. W. H. Smith, yet it is safe to say that not one of them distils gall; a thousand tongues will, before these lines are printed, have sounded from platforms in every part of the realm — each will bear decorous and mournful tribute to the loss that the British nation and British Parliament have been called on to bear; more subtle than pens — more sincere than tongues — the secret thoughts of every one will be unmixed regret for the man who has gone from among us.

Of no other living statesman could this be said in the same fulness as of Mr. Smith. There are public men of whose gifts we are proud, whose careers we cherish as contributing to the greatness of history, who have endeared themselves by personal qualities or ennobled themselves by high achievement; but it has been the lot of each and all of these to stir apprehension, create jealousy, disappoint hopes, or offend susceptibilities; the apprehensive, the jealous, the disappointed, the over-sensitive, would all have some mingled feelings when a conspicuous figure was removed from the active scene, but no such bitterness is strained into the cup of national mourning for Mr. Smith.

A variety of causes contribute to this remarkable result. Chief among these is the character of the man himself. Those who knew him best will recognize the chief ingredient in that character to be unselfishness; and even to those who knew him only as a political ally or opponent, that attribute must have made itself conspicuous. It may appear strange that this particular quality should tend to the success of a political career or attract the sympathy of rival politicians, because the more one sees of the inner working of Parliament the more convinced one must be that self-seeking is the dominant factor in the actions of ninety-nine-hundredths of party men. "If you don't look after your own interest, nobody else will trouble himself about you," is the almost universal maxim, as any patronage secretary could state from his daily experience. Why, then, should unselfishness obtain ascendancy and command approbation among a class of persons notoriously and confessedly self-seeking? On the same principle it may be supposed that, in the transpontine drama, virtue is always made more strikingly triumphant than in theatres where the audience is drawn from levels of greater

refinement; because it is found from experience that those whose circumstances in life make them most familiar with open lawlessness or violence are most readily pleased by the discomfiture of villany. Politicians valued Mr. Smith for his unselfishness precisely because they have good reason to know what a rare quality it is among themselves.

Exempt by his private affluence from the pecuniary anxiety which so often be-sets public men, and places office and opposition in the contrast (so perilous to integrity) of solvency and embarrassment, his motive in exchanging leisure and liberty for the thralldom of a department of state was, of course, wholly independent of the "loaves and fishes." But neither could he be suspected of personal ambition, which is, after all, but a robust form of selfishness. None more cheerfully than he stood aside and took a place inferior to that assumed by the meteoric genius who thrust himself into the leadership of a bewildered party in 1886; none paid more generous tribute to the brilliant outset of the ex-leader of the fourth party as chancellor of the exchequer; none spread the veil more charitably over the eccentricity of that orbit, or spoke with so little resentment of the reckless petulance which brought his colleagues into such serious, though temporary, difficulty. It is a matter of common knowledge that when in December, 1886, Mr. Smith was asked to step into the gap abruptly vacated by Lord Randolph Churchill, he undertook the task only on the repeated importunity of the prime minister and of his colleagues, and that in doing so he acted solely from a strong sense of public duty. The act was in itself a proof of no mean degree of courage.

Duty! that was the word that came ever most familiarly to his lips—index of the thought that was ever uppermost in his mind. "It is our duty in the interests of the public service"—that sentence occurred so often in his speeches from the treasury bench as to raise in the early days a good-humored titter among the Opposition, and was even the cause of occasional impatience among followers accustomed to the oratorical sparkle and formidable sallies of his predecessor. But it was not very long before men of all sections learned that this was no empty phrase, but the expression of an inflexible principle, which the leader of the House never allowed to fall into the background. The word duty sounds coldly, even harshly, in some ears; it is a guide, to follow which

takes a man through rough roads to lodging often of little ease—a *numen* counting many martyrs among its disciples. The sacrifice exacted has often been more dramatic; the soldier on the blood-soaked field, the seaman on the sinking ship, the fireman on the crumbling wall—ay, even the familiar policeman on his beat—may earn readier sympathy than the elderly English gentleman, homely in features and unromantic in dress, who sat hour after hour, night after night, encouraging his followers by his presence to endure the endless repetition of frivolous verbosity, and violent, at times vulgar, invective. None the less was Mr. Smith giving his health, and, as it has turned out, his life, in the cause of duty. He had undertaken a task thrust upon him to which he brought a bold heart, and though he would risk nothing by letting it be made easy for him, he risked his life by carrying it out thoroughly. In vain his colleagues used laterly to beg him to spare himself, and go home when no urgent or critical business remained to be discussed; he seemed never to be happy except when at his post; and those of us who can call to mind his appearance that night in July when he sat on the treasury bench for the last time, his legs covered with a black rug, in evident suffering, yet patiently attentive to an interminable discussion in committee of supply, possess a recollection of self-sacrifice which, though it might easily be more picturesque, could not be more pathetic or inspiring.

Mr. Smith had arrived at middle age before he attempted to enter the House of Commons. In 1865, being then just forty years of age, he unsuccessfully contested Westminster with Mr. John Stuart Mill. To the world he was known at that time only as the junior partner in the great firm of W. H. Smith & Son; and, on his renewing the attack on Mr. Mill's seat in 1868, and succeeding in ousting his opponent, the following sentence, excusable enough from a partisan, but amusing in the light of subsequent events, appeared in a London newspaper: "Westminster has shown herself incapable of keeping a great man when she has got one, . . . has raised a wealthy news-vendor to temporary prominence, and even to such kind of notoriety as attends those whose names get somehow embedded in the world-wide fame of an opponent."

The new member for Westminster was by this time forty-three, a comparatively late age at which to enter upon a parliamentary apprenticeship, and far beyond

that at which most distinguished careers have been begun. But during a youth spent in an active share in the business of his firm (a larger concern than any government department except the post-office), Mr. Smith had laid up a fund of administrative knowledge of which his keen-sighted leader, Mr. Disraeli, was not slow to avail himself. It may perhaps be remembered that when in 1874 Mr. Smith was appointed financial secretary to the treasury, some murmuring was heard among the party of aristocratic traditions, of which murmurs an unpleasant echo might be recognized some years later in certain allusions, by one who certainly knew better, to "*bourgeois* placemen." No better appointment, as it turned out, was ever made; the training of the "wealthy newsvendor" was turned to excellent account, and the multifarious duties of the financial secretary were thoroughly and smoothly discharged. There is no office in the government which calls for so much tact and such minute attention to detail, combined with grasp and decision, as that of financial secretary to the treasury. That official is not only responsible for the arrangement of business in the House of Commons, but for the preparation and revision of the estimates, which brings him into direct and constant contact with every public department. He has more continuous and arduous work than any other member of the administration. The duties of that post were discharged by Mr. Smith for three years and a half, and in August, 1877, being then in his fifty-third year, he entered the Cabinet as first lord of the admiralty. When Lord Salisbury formed his first government in 1885, Mr. Smith became secretary of state for war, an opportunity irresistible to the comic papers, which emphasized the contrast between the bellicose title of the office and the mild manner and unwarlike mien of him who filled it. *Punch* had a caricature showing on one side the Continental ideal of our war minister—a truculent swash-buckler, fully armed, breathing fire and slaughter; and on the other side a portrait of the quiet, unassuming individual he really was.

In January, 1886, Mr. Smith exchanged the War Office for the more hazardous post of chief secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, but a few weeks only intervened between that appointment and the downfall of a government which could not command a majority in the House of Commons.

After the general election of that year, Parliament reassembled in September under a Unionist government. Mr. Smith returned to the War Office, and loyally served in the House under the leadership of the new chancellor of the exchequer, Lord Randolph Churchill. Parliament was prorogued early in the autumn; the Unionist party, at first inclined to look suspiciously on so young a leader, who had not many months before been scattering political wild-oats broadcast, became reassured by the dexterity and good-humor with which Lord Randolph steered the House through six tempestuous weeks of session, and separated for the holidays with a degree of enthusiastic devotion and admiration for him that it is seldom the lot of a political leader to command. It was a magnificent position which Lord Randolph Churchill held in the early days of December, 1886. Chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House of Commons at the age of thirty-eight—men went back to the days of Pitt to find a parallel for the brilliancy of his ascent. It might well have been that a man of narrower mind than Mr. Smith should regard with mingled feelings the sudden promotion of one twenty-three years his junior in age, immeasurably his inferior in experience; one, too, from whom in the days when they were in opposition together, he had received many a rude flout and scathing taunt. But Mr. Smith was of truer metal than to give half-hearted allegiance, and, while he held office, Lord Randolph had no more helpful colleague, no more dutiful follower, than the secretary of state for war.

Then came the crash. Members of Parliament, scattered for the Christmas holidays, took up the *Times* from their breakfast-table, and read the incredible paragraph announcing the resignation of the chancellor of the exchequer. The news did not appear in the first edition of the other morning papers; it must be a hoax such as would never have happened, so old-fashioned people said, when Delane was at the helm of the *Times*. Many men telegraphed to London to know the origin of the rumor, but next day the inexplicable truth was known to all.

This is no fitting place to dwell on the manner in which this resignation was effected, nor on its cause, nor on the personal details which marked its sharp departure from all precedent; neither is it worth while discussing now whether the loss of Lord Randolph's oratorical gifts (unrivalled among speakers on the Con-

servative benches) has been compensated by the gain of Mr. Goschen's talents, and the closer welding of the ingredients of the Unionist party. But it is well to remember not only the perplexity into which the government and their immediate followers were thrown, but the effect upon the confidence of the country. The defection of the leader of the House at such a critical juncture, and on grounds, so far as explained by himself, so ludicrously paltry, was enough to shake an administration without supporters in the House far more homogeneous and better accustomed to act together. It was the general belief that the government could not stand the shock. It would, however, be superfluous to allude to what was at that time the subject of universal speculation, save that the dilemma of the government was Mr. Smith's opportunity, though unsought, unwished for by him. With one consent the eyes of all his party turned upon him as the one safe guide who might extricate them from the mess. Full of misgiving as to his own capacity, he obeyed the call of duty and became first lord of the treasury and leader of the House.

That the experiment was successful, men of all parties must cordially agree. Every one knew that the air of candor and simplicity which invested the speech and manner of "plain Mr. Smith" was not assumed, but betokened the true character of the man. Without the slightest pretension to oratorical gifts, still less to rhetorical art, his calm, clear judgment and unerring fairness commended his speeches, never too long, and his expressions, often lacking in artistic elegance, to the fastidious attention of the House. Men often speak unreservedly in the neutral ground of the smoking-room, and Mr. Smith's secure position and successful leadership of the House was often and freely discussed there. "Old Morality" was the sobriquet conferred on him by the less reverent members of the Opposition, and one of the best known of these might have been heard one day saying regretfully to a supporter of the government: "You know you have an immense advantage over us, for you *hate* the Grand Old Man, but, confound it! we can't help *liking* Old Morality."

If this was the feeling on the Opposition benches, much deeper did it soon become on the government side. There was in Mr. Smith none of the hauteur which men in high places often unconsciously allow to chill relations with their subordinates in office; neither did he fall

into the opposite error of making obvious efforts to be considerate or polite. His manner to all was perfectly natural and suave; access to him was surrounded by no difficulty and little ceremony; men learnt to consult him as a wise friend even on their private affairs; would that it were permitted to relate some of the innumerable instances of his generosity and liberality! During last session two members were discussing some point in a side lobby during a division—the leader of the House happening to pass at the moment. "Here is the head-master," said one of them; "let us refer it to him." "Ah! don't call me that," was Mr. Smith's rejoinder; "I am only one of the big boys."

Those whose duties brought them into official relations with him will not readily forget the kindly greeting with which he always received them, whether at the Treasury or in the first lord's room behind the speaker's chair. Even when worried by the prodigious obstruction of business in the House, or in suspense about the result of a coming critical division, or, as was the mournful case during the last two years, tormented by painful and irritating disease, the pleasant smile and cheering word were never looked for in vain.

Some surprise was expressed when, last summer, Mr. Smith accepted the lord wardenship of the Cinque-Ports. It was said openly that, having already two country seats, the office would have been more fitly bestowed on one of his colleagues who had none. Perhaps if the fact were more generally known that this honorary post is so far from being one of emolument that the holder of it is involved in the expenditure of several thousands a year, critics would have been less ready to find fault with the selection of Mr. Smith and the motives which led him to allow himself to be appointed.

The offices of first lord and chancellor of the exchequer are generally combined in one minister; the departmental duties of the former are light in themselves, consisting principally in dispensing government patronage; but in addition to the labors of leader of the House, it was Mr. Smith's pleasure to take an important administrative part. Questions affecting the pay, status, and promotion of the Civil Service have been forced to the front unusually often of late years, and to the solution of these Mr. Smith devoted much of his time. His early experience gave him well-instructed sympathy for the conditions and peculiarities of such service, and his well-earned reputation for un-

swerving fairness enabled him to set at rest many knotty disputes to the satisfaction of both parties.

Well, we have lost him! The steady hand that steered the ship so nearly into port is cold and still. For the third time during the present Parliament, the Conservative party in the House of Commons must choose a leader. They may get one more brilliant in the House or on the platform — one whose past achievements are sound warrant that he will not dishonor the highest post — but they are not likely to get one in whom each member of the party will feel so truly that he has a friend as well as a commander. To the lips of many a one, when he heard of the death of William Henry Smith, must have risen the words spoken by Bassanio of Antonio, the Merchant of Venice —

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

From The Nineteenth Century.
ON SPURIOUS WORKS OF ART.

THE editor of this review has often asked me in years gone by to write an article on frauds, forgeries, shams, and "make-ups," not of bank-notes or sovereigns, but of works of art, *bric-à-brac*, etc.; but nobody knows better than he does what a delicate subject it is, what ticklish ground it is to traverse, what nests of angry and industrious hornets it might perchance stir up, and what painful doubts it must of necessity put into the heads of so many happy, simple-minded collectors, some of them, perhaps, one's own dearest friends. Besides, the thing adequately done would be a serious interference with widespread and flourishing branches of trade, a direct attack on the pockets of a powerful tribe of fabricators and vendors. It is not a gracious task to unsettle the complacency of contented ignorance; the rapture of folly is often as great as the bliss of true wisdom. Why, then, stir up discord in fools' "paradise"? *Cui bono*, so long as fabricators, vendors, and purchasers are alike happy? If, then, I perversely rush into this business, the editor who egged me on must stand by me and be prepared to take his share of the obloquy, if such should result from it; here, at all events, is the article.

It is a great subject. My intention, as

far as I am conscious of any fixed plan in entering upon it, is to treat it only incidentally and discursively; anything like a connected history of the rise and progress of fraud in works of art would, indeed, seriously tax the abilities of the "all-roundest" man, and necessitate, perhaps, an incommensurate amount of time and research. That there were sham pictures of Apelles and Protogenes, spurious marbles of Pheidias or Lysippus, and false gems of Pyrgoteles, in old Greek times is more than probable. It is certain, indeed, that an infinite number of copies and imitations of the works of these immortals, on which, nevertheless, their names were shamelessly painted or graven as the case might be, abounded in antiquity, and are now often enough unearthed. Every evidence goes to show, in short, that art-frauds were as rife and universal in the classic ages of Greece and Rome as in our own. I shall not begin so far back. I forget where the charming anecdote of the irate country squire and his Rubens is to be found — most likely in "The Tatler" or "The Spectator;" in any case, it illustrates a state of mind and a condition of things which doubtless prevailed just as much in the days of Mæcenas as in those of Queen Anne. "*Come and see my Rubens. So and so says it is not a Rubens. Damme! I'll kick anybody out of the house who says it isn't. What do you say, sir?*" The credulity and obstinacy of amateurs, and the craft and cunning of purveyors, is doubtless quite as rife now as then; there have, however, been golden ages of art-fraud, and we are, I think, living in one of them at present.

The art-frauds that have taken shape and substance, which remain to encumber the world as false coin ever circulating from hand to hand, are, then, of all times and periods. The archæology of fraud even has become a science; some of the overt and acknowledged frauds themselves even have attained the status of precious and coveted works, more valuable in the strange gyrations of the wheel of time than the originals they simulated. Michael Angelo's marble Cupid, for instance, which he made in secret, broke, and mutilated, buried in a vineyard, and dug up again himself, all for the express "taking-in" a certain cardinal, collector of antique marbles and contemner of modern art, is a case in point. If this particular Cupid could now be identified, it would probably be worth more than the most beautiful, genuine, antique work of its kind which Italian soil still enshrouds.

At all periods there have been men of true genius who have prostituted their talents in this service; but the rank and file of art impostors have been mostly vulgar workmen rather than artists—ignorant, half-informed, mechanical drudges, veritable slaves held in bondage, worked remorselessly by the astute dealers, their taskmasters. Here, as in all branches of trade, the middleman takes the gross profits; the forger is of small account. The utterer of the fraud, he who plants the vulgar sham on the unwary amateur, is the really important player in the game.

At all times this game has been the ap-panage of a gifted race. Cry not "To your tents, O Israel!" if I specify your ancient nation. Certes, there are men amongst you, Israelites without guile, but wily ones, unapproachable and unmatchable in this particular field.

After all, this is but saying that Jews are excellent tradesmen, who have made their special mark in a branch of trade for which they have hereditary aptitudes; but that as a class they are a whit less scrupulous than their Christian brethren in the same class of business, I, who knew them well, and have had innumerable transactions with both tribes, deny. In this business it is doubtless very hard to be honest; but of what other calling cannot the same be said? It has been said that it takes ten horse-dealers to match one picture-dealer, or the other way round, horse-dealers *versus* picture-dealers. Children of Israel and Christians alike, picture-dealers, *bric-à-brac* dealers of all shades and specialities, horse-dealers even, of whom I know nothing at all—if I take your name in vain, bear me no malice; your customers are so often no better than yourselves, as sordid and wily in their ways, as eager and willing to take mean advantages of you, that your sins even are in great degree measures of self-defence only.

To resume the historical thread, which, however interrupted, tangled, and broken, will, from the nature of my subject, of necessity run through it. For long centuries after the antique ages connoisseurship lay entirely dormant, and the world, so far as works of art were concerned, was innocent of fraud. In the Middle Ages relics of saints, miraculously multiplied particles of the true cross, and pious *bric-à-brac* in general, doubtless afforded a field for the inventive genius of the fraud-mongers; but such "preciosities" were not exactly within the province of fine art, and it would be an insult to our Israelite

friends to suggest that their forefathers took part in any such traffic. A certain amount of quasi-Christian genius was at all events displayed in this field. We must, however, pass at a bound to the era of the Italian "revival" for the earliest modern evidence of the art-forger's craft. Roughly speaking, then, with the advent of the fifteenth century began the cycle of modern art-frauds. Henceforward, down to our fathers' and grandfathers' time, some fifty years or so ago, the world of connoisseurship, with the exception of painting and the allied categories of drawings and engravings, occupied itself almost exclusively with the art remains of classic Greek and Roman antiquity; with marbles, bronzes, fictile vases, coins, and medals, and engraved gems. In this field there was the widest scope for every kind and degree of fraud, and infinite skill, cunning, and audacity were in consequence displayed in their origination and "exploitation."

Pictures, drawings, and engravings are a category apart, in which the nature and methods of fraud, although not less far-reaching and efficacious, are, as a rule, simpler than in most other classes. Here, however, not long after Michael Angelo's marble Cupid exploit, we find Andrea del Sarto's copy of one of Raffaele's pictures passed off as the original on Giulio Romano even, who had himself actually painted part of the genuine work; whilst Marc Antonio uttered counterfeit impressions of Albert Dürer's engravings under the very eyes of the master himself in Venice.

Coins and medals formed one of the earliest and most favorite categories of "virtù," as they have, indeed, remained down to our own day; to forge such things was as easy as to counterfeit current money, consequently there have been innumerable fabrications, mainly of Greek and Roman coins. Numismatists are, indeed, able to identify the admirably truthful imitations of some of the most celebrated artists in this line, and a certain intrinsic value is in some cases attached to them as forgeries even. More than one of the clever Italian medalists of the early part of the sixteenth century, not content with reproducing with the most scrupulous exactness coins of genuine known types, invented and executed fictitious new ones, which they put in circulation as rare or unique specimens; some of these imaginary coins, indeed, are quite exquisite works of art. At the present day, there is probably little or no activity in this branch

of the art-forgers' business; modern numismatists are so wary and learned a race, and so thoroughly fortified by descriptive catalogues and monographs, that they have no longer left any field open for this industry. At the present time, the revival of interest in the long-neglected category of Italian Renaissance portrait-medallions has afforded some scope for analogous endeavors. Recently, in consequence, a certain number of modern examples, casts or "surmoulages" in bronze of the original specimens, some of them admirably executed, have appeared, and when covered with the spurious patina, which is so easily effected, it is no great disgrace to the unwary connoisseur who meets with them for the first time to be deceived. Paris and Florence are the seats of this new industry. Fortunately, several exhaustive monographs on these medallions have recently appeared, in which the exact measurement of each original example is carefully noted; and this so far affords a perfect test of genuineness, all the modern casts being necessarily considerably smaller than the original prototypes, inasmuch as a certain shrinkage takes place, both in the mould made from the original medal, and also in the new metal cast in it. It is difficult to see how this obstacle can be overcome, but modern ingenuity will perhaps prove equal to it.

Antique marbles, busts, and statues, for which our great-grandfathers, "Milordi" on the "Grand Tour," had so keen a relish, were not, as a rule, forged *de novo*. Rome, which for ages past has proved an inexhaustible quarry of such things, was the unique seat of this speciality. "Restoration," then, not fabrication, was the rule there; this process, however, had its legitimate and its fraudulent sides. New noses and ears, which every antique bust required; new heads, arms, and legs to battered torsos, were, for instance, more or less legitimate additions, and they were usually effected with admirable skill and verisimilitude; but putting the head of one antique statue on the shoulders of another and different character, and other operations of similar nature, were not quite so permissible. Unfortunately, there are abounding and most deceptive instances of this class of fraud for the confusion of the classic archæologist of the present day.

Several of the cleverest *entrepreneurs* in this line in the last century were English art-dealers and bankers settled in Rome, and when some demon whispered "have a taste" to the travelling Mæcenas

their countryman, it is natural that he should communicate the fact at the same time to the Gavin Hamiltons and Jenkines of those days. In no class of works of art, perhaps, has there been a greater aggregate of fraud than in that of antique cameos and intaglios. Rome and Florence, again, were always the chief seats of this industry, which rose to its height in the last century, and is now practically extinct. A volume might be written on this class of fraud alone. Infinite talent and resource were displayed in it by Italian artists of scarcely less genius than the gem-engravers of antiquity themselves. One of the most difficult things was to simulate the peculiar appearance of the salient surfaces of antique gems—that peculiar dulness caused by centuries of wear and miscellaneous abrasion. After infinite endeavors to imitate this particular condition with sufficient exactness, some more than usually astute Roman gem-engraver found that the best way was to cram his modern antique gems down the throats of turkeys kept in coops for the purpose, when the continual attrition which they received from contact with other stones and pebbles crammed into the bird's crop at the same time, ultimately induced almost exactly the desired appearance.

At the present time there is comparatively little fraud going on in the category of the antique; classical art is out of fashion, and the game would not pay. Collectors of antiques, the Neo-Greeks of the present time, are for the most part enthusiastic but impecunious young university men, professors and distinguished archæologists, with more learning than money, and it is just the contrary state of things which the art-forgers desiderates. Your *nouveau riche* commercialist, newly stricken with the art craze, has replaced my lord "with a taste" of former days, and there is a Land of Goshen to which all the tribe of fraudulent dealers and fabricators are looking for their new millennium. Good Americans, "millionaires, billionaires" from Wall Street or Chicago, when pigs and greenbacks have piled them up stupendous wealth, are to be one and all taken with a taste for art and *bric-à-brac*, and to come in flocks like sheep to the shearers, all yearning for Aladdin lamps, new or old as the case may be. Unquestionably, American collectors are becoming a factor in the curiosity trade of Paris and London, and the other great centres, and Jonathan will have to buy his experience as dearly as his Old-World coun-

ins. Probably, stupendous and unheard-of frauds are brewing in the air for his especial undoing. One curious development of fraud in the antique line has, however, sprung up entirely in these latter days. Everybody has heard of "Flint Jack," the typical fabricator of spurious prehistoric flint implements. Within the last year or two several other "Jacks" have taken to the trade, and masterpieces of crafty verisimilitude are now being turned out. Flint Jack's stone axes and flakes had the stamp of newness on them, but his successors have succeeded in imitating with almost perfect accuracy the natural oxidation of the surface of the flint, the result of untold ages of entombment, and the dulled surfaces, fractures, and abrasions of the water-worn originals. Collectors of these primeval treasures henceforth will do well to have nothing to say to any specimen of which the place of discovery cannot be vouched for on the most unimpeachable evidence.

The art-frauds we have hitherto brought in question were all more or less temporary and sporadic manifestations; but we are living now under a new dispensation. The entire volume and aggregate of former times is, indeed, but as a feeble rill to the ocean of the present. An encyclopædia in thick volumes would alone suffice to do it justice. Before we come to this glorious summer, this sun of fraud, it will be well to say something about immediately precedent developments, and the state of things in general.

During the long and leaden reign of classicism, as we have seen, "high, or fine art," as it was called, and "the antique" were alone deemed worthy of consideration, and few and far between were the daring amateurs who ventured to occupy themselves other than with pictures and statues, prints and coins, or "antiques." Modern "curiosities," articles of "virtù," under which title are comprised the thousand categories of mediæval ecclesiastical art objects, ivory carvings, majolica and porcelain wares, enamels and jewellery, old furniture, wood-carvings, etc. — were considered as *petit maître* frivolities, unworthy of the attention of the true connoisseur. In this country — and for the moment it is needless to speak of any other, for the same *régime* prevailed everywhere else — Horace Walpole and Sir Andrew Fountaine in the last, and for the first forty or fifty years of the present century, Beckford, his son-in-law the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Bernal, and Mr. Magniac, were almost the only pioneers in the field,

which, nevertheless, in our own time has thrown into the shade all others. When the French Revolution and the great Napoleonic wars broke up innumerable antique establishments, and dispersed to the four winds infinite art "preciosities," such of them as were known to be marketable found their way, almost without exception, to this country. England, in fact, in those palmy days of art-collecting was, indeed, the only market.

It goes without saying that in such a state of things, when genuine art treasures were difficult to sell and of little worth, there was literally no scope for the art-forgery. It may be taken for granted, then, that during this cycle of war and tumultuous change Continental countries were virtuous; there was no art-forgery, for it did not pay, and such trade as there had been in this line became extinct.

Then it was that England made her first essays in this business, and the reason that we have in our own time been utterly distanced and thrown into the shade by the renewal of Continental enterprise in this line is, perhaps, not that we are much honestier than our neighbors, but that we are by nature decidedly less apt and clever in this respect.

Some glimpses of what England did in this field in our fathers' and grandfathers' days is all I shall have space to offer. In the first place, there never was a more undeserved libel than that which has stamped Birmingham as a focus of art-forgery. Birmingham manufacturers very possibly may have counterfeited the current goods of their French and German rivals, and by dint of cheapness even beaten them out of their own field. Probably moral scrupulosity never would have stood very much in the way of the production of art-frauds; but the notion of wholesale business-men in Birmingham directing their energies to the minute elaboration of things meant to be palmed off singly and with difficulty, not sold by the gross, is utterly absurd; it would not pay. Birmingham, then, has a clean record. London — at all events till quite recently — has been the almost unique seat of such art-forgery as has existed in this country. It was never — at all events till our own day — a very extensive business, always mainly an import, not a manufacturing, trade. Nevertheless, English talent, if in a small way, has made its mark, even in this branch, and fortunes, such as they were, have been made in it in Bond Street and Wardour Street. A brief digression from the exact line of my subject may here

be permitted me. It will tend, nevertheless, to its better understanding.

The fine gentlemen of the opening decades of this century were the special patrons of "virtù," and at their head was the finest of them all—his most gracious Majesty King George the Fourth. Sèvres china, Louis Quinze and Louis Seize furniture, or *moultu* bronzes, mounted Oriental porcelain, snuff-boxes, and *bijouterie* in general—all *articles de Paris*, were the chief desiderata; whilst, of things of national origin, old English plate, miniatures, and Chelsea china were almost the only categories in favor. Years ago—alas! very many—it was my privilege to be acquainted with a personal friend and ally of the royal amateur, his associate when Carlton House and the Pavilion were in their glory. From him I heard much ancient gossip of Beckford and Brummell and "the prince." Lord W., then a very aged gentleman, had himself been a great collector of "Sèvres," etc. How the prince-regent got his art acquisitions over from France during the war, what became of Brummell's snuff-boxes, how Beckford and his son-in-law, "the duke," managed their art-dealings with each other, how B. began, and of Jarman's wily doings, his lordship loved to recount. There had, as I have before said, naturally been few, if any, forgeries of these last-century French art treasures of quite recent origin in the land of their production. The *émigrés* brought over in their pockets their costly gold, enamelled snuff-boxes and the *bonbonnières* and *étuis* of their wives and daughters, and, doubtless, trusty friends and old dependents kept a sharp lookout to save and put away for them whatever could be rescued from the pillage of their châteaux and town mansions. It was as prince-regent, and mainly in his earlier days, that George the Fourth got together the magnificent collections of Sèvres, French furniture, etc., which are now a unique appanage of the English crown. According to Lord W., the prince's prime agent and helper in the acquisition of his treasures was a French *chef de cuisine* in his own employment. This man established relations with the exiled nobles in England, and their friends and relations abroad. He frequently went over to France, *vidé* St. Malo and Brittany, and in returning shipped his acquisitions on board an English frigate conveniently stationed at Guernsey.

I have alluded to B. and Jarman. B. was the flourishing proprietor of an art-dealer's establishment, from which he ulti-

mately retired after realizing a large fortune. Jarman I knew personally after his retirement, full of years and notoriety. He was a dapper, ferret-eyed little man, dressed summer and winter in a black, swallow-tailed coat, full-blown shirt-frill, and Hessian boots with a tassel in front. B.'s chief speciality was old Sèvres china, for which there had arisen an enduring craze—so great, indeed, as to have, in the long run, attracted probably four-fifths of the entire output of this famous ware to this country. An immense piece of good luck befell him at the outset of his career in this field. Shortly after the restoration of the monarchy in France he contrived, through an agent in Paris, to effect the purchase of the entire stock of old white Sèvres ware then remaining in the ware-rooms of the State manufactory itself, probably some thousands of pieces. It should here be explained that old Sèvres *pâte tendre* china had, for some twenty years or more, entirely ceased to be manufactured at Sèvres, it had in fact been superseded by the comparatively worthless hard paste ware perversely substituted for it in imitation of Oriental porcelain. Thus, B.'s acquisitions were real and genuine old *pâte tendre* china, covered with its inimitable soft and creamy glaze, left in the white, but fully prepared to receive the splendid colored grounds, painted decoration, and rich gilding, which gave a unique art value to the ware. To superadd this decoration was the task he set himself to carry out in London. But where were the old workmen, those inimitable art-craftsmen? Dispersed or dead; some of them, perhaps, guillotined, as humble ministers to aristocratic luxury. B., it is said, could find but one man in the country who could readjust their fallen mantle on his shoulders, and this man was a Quaker. It is certain that for a long series of years one Randall, a Staffordshire pottery-painter at Hanley or Burslem, was the indispensable ally in this business. The white Sèvres was sent down to the potteries as occasion required, and the decoration was carefully and minutely copied from original examples which from time to time were supplied to the Quaker-artist by his employer. It is not recorded if the spirit ever moved the drab religionist to consider if his trade were a strictly orthodox one. B.'s semi-spurious Sèvres ware was very deceptive. The specimens are usually of the minor models, chiefly cups and saucers, *écuelles*, etc.; probably he obtained very few of the "large model" pieces—the vases, *jardinières*, etc.,

which, indeed, were never regarded as articles of current manufacture at Sèvres, and so unlikely to be left in stock in any quantity in the preparatory stage when the change of system occurred. B., at the same time, dealt largely in genuine specimens of these high-priced works of art, for his trade was by no means entirely in spurious articles. It is said, nevertheless, that the genuine specimens which came into his possession often received added embellishments at the hands of the Staffordshire Quaker, in order to increase their apparent importance. *Seaux* and *jardinières*, for instance, the principal compartments of which were painted with bouquets of flowers only, were improved by the effacement of these details and the substitution of figure-subjects and groups, cupids, shepherds and shepherdesses, etc. This was effected by removing the original enamel painting by the aid of emery-powder and fluoric acid, the glazing of the genuine old *pâte tendre* being so rich and full as to bear out the new decoration again, when re-fired in the enamel-kiln, with almost its pristine lustre. This process must, however, have been a very risky one, and I should think it was but rarely adopted. B.'s wares still very frequently turn up at art sales, and amongst the gatherings of Sèvres collectors — and many and bitter are the controversies they from time to time excite — dealers who know not B., especially on the Continent, buy the specimens in good faith, and stoutly resist when, from time to time, they are returned on their hands as spurious. Endless spurious imitations of Sèvres porcelain ware have flooded the market since B.'s days, mainly produced in France and Belgium; but for the most part they are coarse and vulgar travesties of the original examples, not likely, or, indeed, expected to impose on the really experienced china collector. B.'s Sèvres wares, however, were of a very different order, and from time to time even the *cognoscenti* disagree as to some of them.

Jarman's line was quite different; although he dealt generally in the higher categories of "virtù," his particular specialities were ancient illuminated missals and historical miniatures. His day was that of the palmiest epoch of English miniature painting, and he found no difficulty in enlisting any number of clever manipulators into his questionable service. Innumerable were the spurious Hilliards, Olivers, and Coopers, mostly copied from undoubted originals, which proceeded from Jarman's manufactory, and which

still encumber the art world. Jarman's false miniatures are, in fact, well known, and abound in the shops and salerooms of London. Imperfect or comparatively poorly illustrated manuscripts were, moreover, enriched with additional illuminations, usually copied in facsimile from other books. Jarman's knowledge, however, was not on a par with his audacity, and the insertion of a copy of a Flemish miniature into an Italian book, or *vice versa*, and the wildest anachronisms in other respects, gave him no concern. Fortune inflicted on Jarman a stroke of ill-luck as notable as the good luck she bestowed on his fraudulent compeer. Jarman kept his missals and miniatures for greater security in a room in the basement of his house, and the missals were separately inclosed in tin cases; but, unluckily, the bursting of a sewer in the adjoining street flooded the lower story of his premises, and it is recorded that the tin cases went off with the report of pistol-shots when the water, causing the vellum leaves of the books to swell out, burst them violently asunder. However this may have been, it is certain that the catastrophe was a deadly blow to poor Jarman, and it is said that he spent the last few years of his life in little else than laborious endeavors to effect the restoration of his damaged treasures.

The wiles of picture-dealers have in all times been proverbial, they are as rife now as ever they were, though their ground is being shifted more frequently than of old, in response to the more rapid mutations of public taste, or the sudden caprices of fashion.

It is no longer now as it was in the slow and simpler days of our forefathers, when old-established idols were rarely, and only with great difficulty, displaced from their pedestals — when, for instance, Sir Joshua, listening to his friend's glib talk of

Their Raffaelles, and Titians, and stuff,
Shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

Titians and Raffaelles, as a matter of fact, are but little talked about in these latter days. People, at the present day, have completely veered round. They no longer hold with Sir George Beaumont, the despotic "arbiter" of eighty or a hundred years ago, that a fine picture should have the rich brown tone of the back of an old fiddle. Modern contemporary art has ousted the old masters; pictures now cannot be too bright and glaring; white, yellow, red, and blue, in the full unbroken

intensity of the newest pigments, are the order of the day. Where are now the dark masterpieces of Annibal Caracci and Salvator? sunk and confounded in the sea of copies and "pasticci" made from them in the old, palmy days, shunted about an unmarketable drug in auction sales, and valued only for the old carved frames made for them. Nevertheless it was no easy task for the old picture-forgers to imitate the murky tones and fine old crusted surfaces, cracked, shrivelled, varnished and revarnished, lined and relined, of these old masterpieces; such work required slow, laborious insistence, with which their modern successors have no need to trouble themselves. These worthies have a far easier task; false Turners and Constables can be copied offhand in their new lightsomeness, for they have as yet scarcely put on hues of antiquity, while spurious Corots and Meissoniers, fresh from the mint, offer still less difficulty. New paint is a medium which the merest novice can manipulate successfully.

Probably almost the only forgeries of "old masters" now produced are of the early Italian tempera pictures, for which a revived appreciation has arisen in these latter times. Florence is the headquarters of this industry, as it was of the original works. Both in England and France, on the other hand, the production of direct copies and more or less deceptive imitations of the more popular modern masters, which is in full swing, has completely superseded the manufacture of spurious ancient pictures.

To go into anything like full particulars in these respective fields would be far beyond the limits of the present article. One or two typical instances of fraudulent endeavor in each of them is all I shall offer at present.

A first-rate example of Italian ingenuity in the "old master" line of fraud occurred to me only a few months ago. It was an attempt for my especial benefit, and I cannot do better than relate the circumstances both of the attack and the defence.

The Italian dealers in most cases have affiliated correspondents of their own established in London, and from one of these worthies I received a photograph of what purported to be a fine Sandro Botticelli Virgin and Child picture, one of the usual circular *tondi* in its ancient Florentine carved frame of fruit and flowers. The photograph obviously represented a very beautiful and genuine work, and I was somewhat surprised that in these days so notable a picture should not have found

an immediate purchaser in Florence, and the more so as the price asked for it was unusually moderate; moreover, the agent informed me that an incontestable documentary pedigree would be sold with the picture. Considering all things, these circumstances seemed somewhat suspicious, but the work itself was at hand for examination, and its internal evidence was alone of any real moment. Briefly, I went to see the picture which had arrived in London, photograph in hand. The first impression was disappointing, and it was not dissipated on careful examination. Very careful scrutiny it indeed required, and it was only by degrees that it became evident that the picture was neither more nor less than a fraud; the latest masterpiece in fact, of its class. Whoever can picture to his mind the ineffable beauty, the pure and holy sentiment which irradiate all Botticelli's Madonnas and infant Christs, will understand that these qualities are the first and most indispensable qualities to be looked for. Every other quality but these was in effect visible in the work in question. Yet, strange to say, it was just this undefinable but most obvious charm which was conspicuously displayed in the photograph.

Strange, indeed, I ought not to say, for it was the one quality which could not appeal to the sordid simulator; the rose had no perfume to him, nor could the bloom of innocence be counterfeited by his guilty hand. Nevertheless, had I not retained the photograph for comparison with the picture, so wonderfully artful was its entire "make up," that I confess it might have left me in some degree of uncertainty as to the rights of the case. A close inspection of the picture, back and front, revealed the following facts: the wooden panel was undoubtedly an original worm-eaten old Florentine panel of the fifteenth century, with its cross clamps intact, and with several old seals of former owners affixed to it. The frame was also ancient, and moreover certainly the one represented in the photograph, but it was equally certain that the picture was not. Little by little it became evident that the picture and the photograph did not entirely agree.

Now, photography at all events is an honest art; every twist and turn of a lock of hair, every quirk in a fold of drapery, and every sprig and spot of a diapered ornament will come out just as in the prototype; but if the sprigs and spots do not absolutely tally both in number and position, there can be no mistake as to the

import of the variations. In the present case, once the clue obtained, it became easy to discern minute but quite convincing differences in every part, and the inevitable conclusion was that the picture was a copy only of that from which the photograph had really been taken. The documents, however, were there, and they were unmistakably genuine and circumstantial. What, then, was the explanation? It was as follows: The picture really referred to in the documents had, doubtless, together with them, fallen into the possession of the nefarious Florentine dealer who concocted the subsequent fraud, and he immediately set to work to produce a copy of the picture on an ancient panel of the exact size. He then sold the original work, but in doing so he retained the old frame and the documents, astutely judging that the original would speak for itself and be in no need of auxiliary attestation, whereas the copy might require such assistance. It was not at all difficult in Florence to find an old quattro-cento painted panel, with some ruined or valueless picture upon it, and on the ancient groundwork, taking advantage of numerous real evidences of antiquity, such as cracks, rugosities, and other accidents of the ancient surface, the copy was executed with infinite care and circumspection. So close and perfect, indeed, was the verisimilitude thus attained that even the most experienced connoisseur or expert might have been deceived had the case rested on that evidence alone. The photograph, however, spoke to the damning fact of forgery, and from its testimony there was no appeal. When I pointed this out, my Italian was put to as much shame and confusion as he was capable of, and could only fall back upon the excuse that he himself had been deceived by "*quel birbone traditore di Firenze*."

Now for an example in the department of modern pictures. Some of my readers will doubtless recollect a very notable occurrence at Messrs. Foster's auction rooms in Pall Mall, some fifteen or sixteen years ago. The auctioneer's motto is, of course, emphatically *caveat emptor*, and I should explain in the outset that not the slightest blame or discredit for this business attaches to the most respectable firm in question. The art world then was startled by the sudden announcement that on a given day forthcoming, four grand gallery pictures by Constable, and two by Turner, the property of a private gentleman, and never before exhibited or described, would

be sold by auction at Messrs. Foster's rooms. Which pictures could they possibly be, and to whom could they belong? It was an unheard-of and unprecedented event. The auctioneers were not allowed to reveal the name of their owner, but, in answer to numerous inquiries, they stated that he was a well-known connoisseur and collector, of the highest respectability and social status. The exhibition of the pictures previous to the day of sale, then, was awaited with the utmost impatience. The mystery attaching to the matter had aroused curiosity in art circles to the highest point, and early on the morning of the auspicious day a crowd of eager art votaries awaited the opening of Messrs. Foster's doors. Very soon every art critic, collector, and every picture-dealer of note assembled in front of the pictures, which, in stately and imposing array, did not fail to make their appearance. The excitement was without parallel on any such occasion. I witnessed the scene and I took note of the behavior of the leading notabilities present, most of whom I personally knew. It was a curious display of human character on an entirely unique occasion. It is time, however, to describe the pictures. They were, in fact, imposing works of art, and if Turner and Constable again, in the flesh, could have stood before them, their first impression perhaps would have been that of self-congratulation on this overpowering display of their own genius.

The pictures were of large dimensions, some five feet or so long and proportionately high. The four Constables formed a uniform series, they were of the usual English landscape scenery; the Turners, on the contrary, were of classical subjects, and purported to be of the middle period of the master. Undeniably these pictures were striking works of art, and, if not by the masters to whom they were ascribed, they were a unique and wonderful achievement of some one else. I say some one, for curiously enough there was a certain unmistakable kinship discernible betwixt the Constables and the Turners, certain peculiarities of touch and coloring, just as if Turner had worked upon Constable's pictures, and Constable had in his turn rendered the same service for him.

There was, however, a jarring note somewhere, and it soon made itself felt; a sense of something inexplicable, if not certainly wrong, gradually became expressed in every face, and before long every shade of expression from that of rapt admiration, blank bewilderment

awaiting enlightenment, to that of absolute incredulity could be seen in the countenances of the assembled company. For my own part, I was not long in arriving at the certain conclusion that neither the one nor the other of the great masters in question had had anything to do with the pictures, but that, on the other hand, we were in presence of the cleverest and most audacious manifestation of art forgery on record.

Bold and brilliant as was this memorable fraud, it was nevertheless imperfectly conceived and not well carried out, and it was considerably overdone. Most probably some credulous amateur might have swallowed one or two of these pictures, but six at a time was too strong a dose. The forger, moreover, who was doubtless not yet a past master in the trade, had made one very unlucky slip. It was very soon pointed out that the pictures were in a considerable degree painted with quite modern pigments, that is, with fashionable, newly invented colors, entirely unknown in the days of Turner and Constable. This in itself was sufficiently conclusive. There was, however, another test. Years before, a cunning Venetian dealer, in a moment of expansion, had given me a wrinkle *à propos* of a brand new but very authentic-looking Guardi, which came in perfectly opportune on this occasion. My Italian friend's infallible detective method was to take a pin and try to stick it into the fattest and most unctuously impasted part of the picture; if it sticks in, said he, it is new paint; try it, on the other hand, on a real Guardi, and you may as well try to drive a pin into a china plate. And so it is. Pigments in oil vehicles, in fact, assume, in the course of time, an almost crystalline hardness, whereas for the first few years they are more or less soft and easily indented. As soon as I could find a friend with a pin in his possession I imparted this valuable secret to him, and with this confederate witness proceeded to try my plan upon a corner of one of the Constables before us; needless to say that the picture might have been turned into a veritable pincushion, for the pin stuck in on the slightest pressure. It was, of course, an onerous thing to throw the first stone at these pictures. In the course of the morning, however, Messrs. Foster were privately made aware of the state of the case, by persons whose authoritative competence was beyond dispute, and early in the afternoon, just as all London was being made aware of the piquant adventure, and a swelling crowd began to press

for admission to the rooms, they wisely closed the doors and posted a notice on them announcing the abandonment of the sale.

The entire history and genesis of these pictures afterwards became well known, and their ultimate fate had a dramatic appositeness which must be related. They were the property of a rich but somewhat eccentric collector, who, not long afterwards, at his death, bequeathed a splendid series of veritable treasures to the National Gallery. In the latter years of this gentleman's life he had fallen into the clutches of a picture-dealer whose nefarious exploits had long been notorious. The pictures in question were manufactured, under the direction of that worthy, by a needy artist, to whom no further allusion need now be made, expressly to be sold to the aged and credulous amateur, and they were so foisted upon him for no less a sum than twenty thousand pounds. When, however, a year or two afterwards doubts as to their authenticity were communicated to their owner, he adopted the singular resolution of bringing their genuineness or the reverse to a public test by offering them for sale in the manner related. The upshot of the matter was, that, notwithstanding the *délat* which had attended the attempt, the infatuated owner was by no means convinced as to their true character. He did not, however, replace them in his gallery, but, pending any further decision in regard to them, sent them to be warehoused in the Pantechnicon, taking the precaution to insure them for the full amount he had paid for them. Strange to relate, within a few months they were burnt in the great fire which consumed that establishment, and the insurance was duly recovered from the unlucky office which had taken the ill-omened risk.

Audacious as was this English episode in the art-fraud line, it was after all a somewhat lumbering adventure, greatly wanting in *finesse* and delicacy of touch. Italian artists in that line would have managed it much better. The story of Giovanni Freppa and the Capitano Andreini, which I shall next relate, will show the innate superiority of Italian genius and methods.

This adventure was *à propos* of the earliest forgeries of majolica ware. Its place was Florence, and the time about 1856. By that time, although the little towns and villages of the Romagna had been searched through and through, and it was no longer possible to ferret out

majolica plates and drug-pots, or Hispano-Moro dishes by the dozen, there still remained a considerable treasure *in situ*. The owners had, however, become aware that a *régime* of high prices had commenced, and a veritable majolica fever set in in the neighborhood of its original production. For the fine specimens which remained two or three hundred "lire Italiane" were no uncommon demand. Needless to say, these "lire" have now become pounds sterling, but the sums were thought fabulous in those days. The most coveted pieces were then, as now, the lusted wares, the Maestro Giorgios and Xantos. Fraudulent imitations of the ordinary painted specimens had already made their appearance, produced nobody knew where; but the secret of the lustre, notably of the famous ruby tint, was a forgotten mystery. It is more than probable that Giovanni Freppa was the author of these earliest frauds. He was a notable curiosity dealer in Florence, a Neapolitan of gentlemanly manners and presence, with a singularly mellifluous tongue. Ser Giovanni, in short, was a very popular personage, and he was the friend and mentor of every impecunious conte and marchese in Florence, most of whom, after the fashion of Italy, had, from time to time, something or other to sell. Whether instigated by Freppa, or on his own motive, a young chemist of Pesaro, after long endeavors, about this time finally succeeded in reproducing that great desideratum, the famous ruby lustre of his renowned fellow-countryman, Maestro Giorgio.

Freppa, at all events, was the astute undertaker in regard to giving commercial value to this discovery.

Silently and secretly, in conjunction with his ally at Pesaro, Freppa caused a number of spurious Giorgios to be manufactured, and they were forthwith dexterously "planted"—*i.e.*, entrusted for sale to local dealers, farmers, peasants, and other apt, unsuspecting agents, in the little towns and villages in the Pesaro and Urbino districts, where they were soon bought up, mostly by the peripatetic dealers—Italian and foreign—who were either travelling in the country or in relation with local agents on the lookout for them. One of the former worthies was no less a personage than Il Capitano Andreini, a retired officer in Florence—a man as well known and popular in the art-collecting line as Freppa himself, and heretofore his frequent ally and coadjutor in research. Freppa, however, was not the man to let his left hand know more of

his right hand's doings than was strictly prudent, and the capitano was not let into the great Giorgio secret. The latter was a notorious gossip and talker, a vain-glorious *pettegolo*, prone to dilate upon his exploits in the antiquarian line, and, above all, proud of his knowledge and critical acumen in that field. Unluckily for all parties, nevertheless, he became one of the earliest victims of the newly hatched fraud. Giovanni Freppa's intense disgust may be easily imagined when the captain, with a more than ordinary flourish of trumpets, brought him a splendid Giorgio salver just hunted out for him by a correspondent in a little mountain village of the Romagna. It was a prize of the first water in the eyes of the unsuspecting captain, and the price he expected for it was commensurate, not a penny less than a thousand francs, even to his dear friend Giovanni himself. To the captain's utter disappointment and surprise, however, Freppa not only did not rise to the occasion, but even displayed an inexplicable coldness—the very reverse of his usual style and conduct. Giovanni, in fact, had immediately recognized one of his own children, so to speak; and he was so taken aback and annoyed at the *contretemps* that his usual *sangfroid* deserted him in this emergency. Determined not to repurchase his own property at an exorbitant price (which, after all, would have been his best policy), he unwisely depreciated the precious *trouvaille*, and in the heat of discussion unwittingly let it appear that he even doubted its authenticity. This was touching the captain in his tenderest point. He, Capitano Andreini, taken in by a false majolica plate?—the thing was absurd and impossible! if ever there was a veritable and most overwhelming Giorgio, there it lay in all its gleaming lustre before them. The captain, in short, lost his temper, and, snatching up his treasure, in spite of Freppa's tardy attempts to pacify him, sallied out with it to the nearest café, where, amidst a ring of *cognoscenti*, dilating magniloquently on his own critical knowledge, he related his controversy with Freppa—that mere soulless *mercante* (as he said), fit only to be a vendor of tin pots and old boots in the Mercato Vecchio!

The captain's wrath, in short, was unappeasable; all the attempts of mutual friends to effect a reconciliation were in vain, and the quarrel became the universal theme in every café, curiosity shop, and salon in Florence.

The captain, although on reflection not altogether easy in his mind, had in any

case gone too far to retreat. The quarrel was a deadly one, and could only be settled by the obtaining conclusive evidence of the previous history and pedigree of the Giorgio, in the country where it had been brought to light, and consequently the captain went off to Pesaro on that errand. There disappointment awaited him; very little could be made out as to the real *provenance* of the plate, and that little was not satisfactory. In short, the captain only succeeded in tracing its possession and that of several others, which, it seems, had about the same time appeared in the district, to the young chemist at Pesaro before alluded to. This worthy, when brought to book on the subject, wrapped himself up in mystery, made vague and contradictory intimations, but either could not or would not give any clear account of how he had come by the Giorgios he had put in circulation.

The upshot of the matter was that little by little the fraud leaked out. Now came the captain's opportunity of retreat, but it was too late; he had made too much noise about the affair, and it only rested with him now to expose the conspiracy, even at the expense of his own reputation as a connoisseur. This he did by means of an action at law against Freppa and his coadjutor. The ultimate result was, I think, a compromise, and Freppa and the capitano ultimately became friends again. They were too useful to each other to remain permanently estranged. The Italian public were, nevertheless, duly enlightened; it laughed a great deal at Giovanni and the captain, but probably did not think much the worse of either of them in the long run.

Although this affair was a failure, Freppa's next exploit was a triumph. It came about as follows: He had always had a laudable penchant for the discovery and encouragement of rising talent, and he had bestowed his patronage upon a young sculptor to whom he suggested the imitation of the works of the early Florentine masters, for about this time a demand arose in the art world for the rare and beautiful terra-cotta portrait busts of the old Florentine masters, the exquisite works of Donatello, Mino, and Verrocchio. Bastianini, that was the young man's name, and it afterwards became famous, was set to work to produce a modern antique example. The result was an admirable masterpiece, full of life and individuality, worthy, in fact, of Donatello himself, whose style was, indeed, copied with wonderful verisimilitude.

The bust was consigned as the latest and most precious *trouvaille* from an old Tuscan palazzo to an eminent curiosity dealer in Paris. It created quite a *furor* amongst the keenest and most experienced connoisseurs of that enlightened art centre, and it was unanimously voted to be one of the finest Italian *quattro-cento* portrait busts in existence. Finally it was purchased for the Museum of the Louvre at a very considerable price, and duly installed as one of the most precious gems of the collection.

The lustre and completeness of this success were, however, somewhat embarrassing. Bastianini had modelled his bust from the life, the original being a well-known old man who combined the vocation of an artists' model and a tobacconist. Amongst the Florentine *quasi*-dealers of the time was one Dr. Foresi, notorious for his eccentricities and his enmities and quarrels with his townsmen of the like occupation, and notably with Freppa. When Foresi went to Paris shortly after he did not fail to inspect the famous bust which had made so much noise, and he was immediately struck with its marvellous resemblance to the tobacconist model whom everybody knew, and on his return to Florence he found little difficulty in getting at the truth of the matter.

Foresi thereupon boldly denounced the imposition to the authorities of the Louvre, but no attention was paid to his representations; the man's well-known envious and unscrupulous character prevented any weight being attached to them. He persisted, however, wrote letters to the Florentine newspapers, and sent them to most of the principal connoisseurs and directors of museums in Europe, and finally it became necessary to take serious notice of his proceedings. The authorities of the Louvre thereupon laid the matter before a select assemblage of the most competent and highly placed art connoisseurs and critics of Paris, one and all men whose names were of European celebrity and whose judgment was received as gospel truth. After a most searching scrutiny of the bust, these high authorities unanimously agreed that it was a perfectly genuine work of the Italian *quattro-cento* period, and that Foresi's representations were malicious and baseless calumnies. The latter, however, stood to his guns. He had shortly before issued a scurrilous newspaper of his own in Florence, dedicated mainly to the abuse of his rivals and the showing up of the foreign art critics and collectors who disagreed with

him. In this paper he returned to the charge week after week, accumulating his proofs in an overwhelming manner.

At that time France was politically most unpopular in Italy, and the affair soon assumed quite the proportion of an international art duel. The Louvre authorities caused the bust to be photographed, and promptly Foresi photographed his tobaccoconist in the same attitude. The resemblance was absurdly convincing. Finally, Giovanni Freppa himself shifted his ground, and, making friends with Foresi, adroitly announced that he had caused the bust to be executed and sent to Paris as an artistic trap for the express purpose of humbling French pride. The proofs were now overwhelming; it was a bitter pill for the French *cognoscenti*, and Foresi gave them the full benefit of it. The Italian public, on the other hand, were in ecstasies. Foresi, Freppa, and the sculptor became for a time almost national heroes. That all three were unscrupulous scoundrels mattered nothing. Italian astuteness had humbled and outwitted French cocksureness, and in arts, if not in arms, their country had shown herself again supreme.

Ser Giovanni became more popular and considerable than ever, the sculptor rose immediately to fame and fortune, whilst to the half crazy Foresi was accorded unlimited license to insult and crow over everybody, until fortunately death put a stop to his proceedings shortly after.

Florentine ingenuity in the line of art frauds is at the present moment more briskly flourishing than ever. Fresh developments and other Freppa's and Foresi's have taken possession of the field, but I have no more space at present to bestow upon them.

It is hardly necessary to say that art frauds are of every kind and degree of flagrancy, from the most vulgar barefaced shams, such as are likely to impose only on the merest dabbler in the collecting line, to the infinitely subtle and profoundly calculated efforts, I had almost said of genius; from the vulgar "duffers" of fourth-rate curiosity shops produced by the gross, to unique masterpieces which perchance have taken months or even years of silent labor to bring to the utmost perfection of dissimulation. Of the first kind it is scarcely necessary to say anything, they speak for themselves, and their voices soon become familiar and cease to enchant. Of the latter kind there are instances which, as we have seen in the case of the Bastianini bust, have im-

posed upon even the highest authorities or left in doubt the most practised experts. Such instances are of growing frequency, and it is their elucidation which I apprehend is likely to be the most acceptable. I shall then take the first illustration which comes to my mind, for there is an *embarras des richesses* in the field which forbids methodic selection. The modern reproduction of special classes of works of art not primarily intended for purposes of fraud have of late years been so numerous, and have attained to such perfection of imitation that when, as is often the case, they are impressed into the service of the fraud-monger, and invested with the delusive appearances of antiquity, which he so well knows how to communicate, it becomes almost impossible to steer clear of them.

Several familiar categories of "virtù" have in consequence of late years greatly declined in pecuniary value. Collectors in general are never quite sure that they have got the right thing; or, if they have, that their friends will believe in them. Venetian glass and Bernard Palissy ware are notable cases in point. The modern manufactures of Venice and Murano have so flooded the markets and vulgarized the ancient wares, that none but the rarest and most important specimens, or to which undoubted evidence of long anterior possession can be attributed, have any chance of acceptance in the realms of *la haute curiosité*.

In respect to Palissy ware a recent occurrence, which happened to one of the most experienced connoisseurs in ceramic matters now living, will show what little chance the simple amateur now has of escaping the snares spread for him.

Palissy ware is one of the easiest categories to imitate. Specimens can be, and indeed are now currently, produced which are in every respect but antiquity identical with the originals. The common pipe-clay which forms the body of the ware is everywhere at hand, as in Palissy's days; and the composition of the colored enamels and the methods of their application are perfectly known and offer not the slightest difficulty to the modern potters, whilst the rilievo decoration of the original pieces can be either reproduced by moulding from them, or else imitated by casts taken from the shells, lizards, fish, fern leaves, etc., which were the types Palissy himself made use of. In short, specimens of modern Palissy wares have been produced in France absolutely indistinguishable from the ancient examples.

Curiously enough, moreover, Palissy himself was an imitator, that is to say, he availed himself of another man's work by similar processes of mechanical reproduction. Simultaneously with the production of Palissy's enamelled pottery in the second half of the sixteenth century another celebrated artist, François Briot, executed beautiful work on embossed pewter; in particular, fine rosewater dishes and ewers, decorated with arabesque ornaments in low relief. One of the best known and most popular models of these ewers and dishes was reproduced, at the time, by Palissy in his enamelled earthenware by moulding from the pewter originals, and the pieces when enriched with his splendid colored enamels were more beautiful and covetable things than the simpler prototypes. These ancient Palissy reproductions of Briot's pewter wares are now of the utmost rarity; the dishes and ewers are never found together, and, in fact, very few examples of either are now extant. Some few years ago one of the dishes came into the possession of the connoisseur alluded to. The piece was absolutely identical with others which had come under his notice, and there was not the slightest reason to doubt its authenticity.

The relieve arabesques were beautifully sharp and distinct, and the enamel glaze appeared to be of Palissy's most beautiful technique. The piece had been broken in several pieces and carefully put together again, but this was very often the case with such fragile specimens. At the back of the piece in the centre was an apparently ancient impression in wax of the seal, bearing a coat-of-arms, of some former possessor. This practice of affixing seals as evidence of possession, it should be noted, was a common practice in France and other Continental countries a century or two ago, and in this case it seemed to indicate that some old Continental collector had attached special importance to this particular specimen.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these seemingly incontestable evidences, the piece was a forgery. Undoubtedly, however, but for a mere accident it would never have lost its character of genuineness.

The dish was accidentally broken again; the wax seal became detached from it, and underneath, in the place it had occupied, was revealed a fatal and unmistakable evidence of fraud. The well-known manufacturer's mark of a contemporary French pottery was disclosed. Endeavors had been made to get rid of it by abrasion,

but as it was stamped into the body of the ware beneath the glaze, this was found impracticable, and the ingenious scoundrel, who had got up the fraud, had hit upon the expedient of concealing the mark by the wax stamp, which he argued would most likely never be removed. In regard to this instructive occurrence it should be stated that the maker of the modern piece had availed himself of Briot's original pewter prototype just as Palissy had done before him, whereby he was enabled to produce quite as sharp and beautiful an example, and of the same exact diameter.

I have said that in respect to this country London alone had the monopoly of the art-fraud industry, but on consideration I find that I must modify the statement. The provinces are now beginning to take a hand in it; quite latterly — that is, within the last five or six years — there has arisen a widespread "craze" for old carved oak furniture. This is a repetition of one which prevailed to a great extent forty or fifty years ago, but which died out when the supplies, which came at that time mainly from the Continent, became exhausted; the Wardour Street "make-ups" of those days are indeed not yet entirely forgotten. The pseudo-antique specimens of that time were generally heterogeneous concoctions of genuine ancient carved fragments of all periods and countries "jumbled" together with little or no regard to congruity or style. Contemporary talent, however, is capable of higher flights. Downright full-fledged frauds in this specialty, not half-and-half impostures, are now the order of the day. Wardour Street has been entirely distanced; somewhere in the Midlands, and in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, there are at the present moment distinct centres, and a considerable number of astute individuals, occupied in the production of fraudulent imitations of old English carved oak furniture, chairs, dressers, cabinets, bedsteads, settles, etc., ostensibly of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. These things are now making their appearance in the shops and sale-rooms of the metropolis in superfluous abundance. Some of these impostures indicate a certain amount of archaeological knowledge, heraldic lore, and local information as to old families, and their ancestral seats, not heretofore displayed, and so all the more dangerous. The initials, or names in full, and coats-of-arms of supposed former owners of the pieces, family mottoes or quaint couplets, are a favorite device of these new-school forgers. In this, as in all such developments, never-

theless, the tendency is to overdo the thing; such embellishments are very rarely found in genuine ancient examples of carved furniture, and when they are now met with in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they may be at once set down as inventions of the enemy.

In many cases these spurious imitations of old oak furniture are, nevertheless, very deceptive, the exact color of dark, time-stained oak, its shrunken and fibrous surface texture, and down even to laborious simulation of the holes and meandering tracks of the larvæ of boring beetles, are imitated with remarkable success. But space now warns me to bring this article to an end, and I shall make but little excuse for terminating it abruptly.

Starting as I did with the full intention of giving at least something like the outline of a methodic essay on my subject, I find I have in reality lapsed into little better than discursive gossip; perhaps, however, that will convey more information to the readers of this review than any more ambitious line I could have taken.

J. C. ROBINSON.

From The Fortnightly Review.
FRENCH AND ENGLISH.*

IT is not my intention to criticise Mr. Hamerton's work, a work not only of deepest interest, but permanent value, and which, we may safely affirm, no other living writer could have given us. Side by side with the experiences covering the span of an average lifetime, may not unprofitably be placed the conclusions of the author's countrywoman, one to whom France, if not her adopted country, has long been a second home. There is one point, that of the first importance, to which no writer has done justice when comparing the two nations. The separation—one may say, in matters spiritual and intellectual, the isolation—of the sexes in France is so complete that at first sight home life and fireside happiness would seem out of the question. As a natural consequence, nothing can be duller than social intercourse in country places. The men congregate together, or, in a separate room, smoke, play cards, and discuss politics; the ladies are of no more account than the veiled beauties shut up in a harem. Not merely a brick wall—a hundred years may be said to divide the speakers. To the

ardent *dévôte*, the believer in miracles, the republic is but another name for *canaille*, and a feminine *plébiscite* on the occasion of the last election would have brought Boulanger into power, restored the temporal power of the Church, induced civil war, and perhaps a European conflagration. Charles Nodier relates how on the morrow of Marat's assassination and Charlotte Corday's death, Frenchwomen fell on their knees, crying, "Sainte Charlotte Corday, priez pour nous!" We may be sure there was a time when in every country town and village Boulanger's name was invoked over beads oftener than that of the Virgin herself. The vast majority of Frenchwomen being convent-bred are still wedded to dogma and the reactionary principle; their fathers, husbands, brothers, to a spirit of enquiry and the democratic idea. On the most momentous questions that can occupy the human mind, men and women bound to each other by the closest ties have not a thought in common. That unions should prove satisfactory, and marriage, in spite of drawbacks so formidable, should be regarded as the anchor of a Frenchman's career, may require elucidation.

In no other country is so high a premium set upon the married state. A prudent alliance is regarded by our neighbors as nothing short of worldly salvation. Honor, dignities, social advancement wait upon the wedding ring. Wedlock is a bribe.

Yet, as statistics show us, marriage is growing more and more unpopular in France. Marriage, to quote Mr. Hamerton, is a lifelong conversation, and, under existing circumstances, educated Frenchmen find it a trifle dull. Domestic peace certainly is often attained at the price of mutual concessions. Good manners, amiable temper, worldly interests, and the tie of children bring about a good understanding, but from the marriage day till final separation husband and wife too often remain entire strangers to each other, their standards of life and conduct, their ideals, hopes, and connections being diametrically opposed. The result of this state of things is threefold. Men of sterling worth are thrown back upon friendship, women find refuge in maternal affection, the lawless of both sexes in illicit amours. Let us take the exhilarating subject of friendship first. The intellectual and spiritual stimulus wedlock cannot bring is found here. A delightful feature of French life is the close, brotherly intimacy of men lasting from early boyhood throughout life. The "thee" and "thou" of school-

* French and English, Macmillan & Co.

boy days are resumed after years of absence. A Frenchman will make sacrifices for his friend as alertly as an Englishman for his betrothed. One comrade may have succeeded in the race of life, the other may have failed. The fraternal bonds remain unbroken. Heart still speaks to heart as in that careless time when the pair sat side by side in the class-room. The closeness of the marriage tie among ourselves interferes with this kind of friendship. In France it frequently happens that to his friend, and his friend only, a man can freely unburden himself. From the second point of view, namely, the intensification of maternal affection, a necessary result of the *mariage de convenance*, I have ever regarded Daudet's novel, "L'Immortel," as the French novel of the day, as much of a *roman nécessaire* as "Madame Bovary." No other pen has so well depicted the consequences of marriage for marriage's sake, that blind idolatry of the one child of the house, of which the product is too often a Paul Astier.

Madame Astier, to whom her husband was something less than a beast of burden, who could stint the conjugal board of bare necessities, lie, plot, and deceive, even stoop to immorality — this is hinted at — for the sake of ministering to her son's vices — Madame Astier is living flesh and blood, no less so than the atrocious Emma of Gustave Flaubert. She has something, too, in common with most French mothers. A Frenchwoman makes it her boast that as soon as a child is born to her, the wife is merged in the mother, she ceases to become *épouse*, and is only *mère*. Daudet's masterly touch — "the first thrill of real passion in Madame Astier's soul was awakened by her sense of maternity" — comes home with painful force to all who know French life intimately.*

"L'Immortel" is merciless; so is the maternal instinct of the Madame Astiers in France. You will even hear women belonging to good society, themselves devout Catholics, models of correct behavior, jest concerning the intrigues of their beardless sons. Mothers will welcome confidences from mere lads which to other ears sound simply appalling. Of course, neither Madame Astier nor her vile son should be taken as average specimens — sad for the future of France were it so! But how different is the view held of wifely and motherly duty on opposite sides of the Channel the following instances will show.

* Balzac's heroine in "Le Lys de la Vallée," describes herself as "enivrée de maternité" — intoxicated with the sense of motherhood.

That English wives of officers on foreign service remain with them, as a matter of course, their children being sent home for education, is regarded by Frenchwomen with sentiments they hardly like to put into words. The child is a fetish; the husband and father holds a second place in his own house. A woman who considers her first duty owed to her husband appears to Frenchwomen little short of a monster.

Again, take the case of the educated Parisian lady who a few years ago deliberately shot a wretched man because he had libelled her. The offender died after suffering horrible agonies, but his assassin was allowed to go unpunished, even unblamed. As this woman was a mother, and alleged as a motive for murder affection for her child, Frenchwomen condone the deed; I have never yet found one who did not entirely approve of her conduct. On similar grounds, Ohnet's heroine, the bakeress in "Serge Panine," is acquitted of all criminality although, as deliberately, she shoots her worthless son-in-law, dead.

As I have said before, the French child is a fetish; fathers, husbands, and brothers mere *terre-à-terre* humanity. In middle-class families, whose pedigree is a generation or two removed from peasant stock only, the infant son is called "Monsieur Jean," or "Monsieur Charles," as the case may be. Even his wet-nurse is not allowed to call her charge in swaddling clothes by the endearing term of "Bébé." I have seen a household turned topsyturvy because a baby had to dine at five instead of seven o'clock with its parents. The one maid-of-all-work was compelled to leave her work, formally lay the cloth, prepare soup, fish, beefsteak, vegetables, cheese, and dessert for a mite of two and a half! Many and many a time have I blushed for my sex on fast days and Fridays, when hard-worked heads of the house have been compelled to breakfast and dine off eggs and potatoes while the most Catholic of Catholic mothers, under some pretext or other, was providing a choice beefsteak or ragout for the pampered gourmand of eight or nine. With us the discipline of life begins in the nursery; with our neighbors, in the *lycée*, or during the enforced military service. Is it to be wondered at that suicide increases enormously in France? A child whose whims have been systematically humored from the cradle upwards, naturally brooks no restraint upon his wishes. A girl refuses him; he is disappointed in his career; he has ill-luck at cards; he straightway purchases a pistol, and there

is an end of the matter. The chronicle of the daily newspapers is sufficiently appalling; statistics still more so. *In Paris one out of twenty deaths of adult males is self-sought.**

Of course, other causes contribute to this mania of self-destruction. I am convinced that artificial bringing up is one of the most potent. A French child is a hothouse plant, on a sudden transplanted to a cold, out-of-door world, an exotic exposed to chilling frost.

If maternal affection, in the cases mentioned above, obscures the discernment of right from wrong, no less does conventional bringing up impede the judgment in dealing with cause and effect. As we have seen, the vast majority of Frenchwomen persistently set their faces against the first government that has taken in hand their social and intellectual advancement. The words of Gambetta — "Let our youths and maidens be united by the understanding before they are joined by the heart" — are, indeed, now acted upon, and enormous strides are yearly made in female education. No more gifted creature lives than our sister on the other side of La Manche. Only solid instruction, a sense of moral responsibility and wider interests, are necessary to develop her rare endowments of heart and brain. Fortunately, in the first lady of France the sex is now admirably represented. The wife of the honored president of the republic, by her public spirit, her dignified initiative, her unsparing devotion to duty, will do more for the advancement of her countrywomen than all that has yet been effected in the way of practical reform.

A thorough revision of the Civil Code is sorely needed. A Frenchwoman cannot witness a deed, act as trustee, or fulfil the office of executrix; the law still classes her with idiots and minors. Like the Roman ladies of old, she remains throughout life under male tutelage. A newly made widow becomes a stranger in her husband's house from the moment he ceases to breathe. The second wife of any man who dies intestate, no matter if he possesses millions, does not receive a centime from the law. Her position is often so intolerable that many would doubtless prefer the suttee, and have done with it. Napoleon and his legists, when drawing up the Civil Code, seemed to think that the privilege of bearing children to the State ought to satisfy, and more than satisfy feminine ambition.

* See *La France Economique*, by A. de Foville, Chef du Bureau de Statistique du Ministère de Finance, Paris, 1890.

In one matter, I am bound to consider, the advantage lies wholly on the side of France. The sunniest-tempered, wittiest, most inventive people of Europe, are at the same time the most severely practical. Taxation is higher in France than in England, or even Germany. Gigantic calamities have afflicted the country within our own time. The five hundred millions sterling paid to Prussia in 1871 were followed by a loss at least as large, caused by the phylloxera. Yet the solvency and the savings of the French remain phenomenal. A telling calculation has recently been made by the first statistical authority in France.* The Eiffel Tower weighs from seven to eight million kilogrammes (the kilogramme is 2 lbs. 3½ oz.). Reconstructed in silver, an Eiffel Tower would require two additional stories in order to represent the actual deposits of French people in the national savings banks.

Within the last ten years the sum of savings has doubled.† There is no race for wealth in France. Ambition, for the most part, is limited to a competency; for the sake of that competency, the golden mean invoked by Hezekiah and Horace, the dignity and ease arising from independence, unimaginable sacrifices will be made. The wholesome, agreeable, bracing aspects of thrift strike the traveller at every turn. Here France is the school-master of the world.

Thrift, however, in France, like the Roman Janus, is a two-headed deity, the one aspect gracious, smiling; the other stern as that of necessity herself. In thriftless England improvidence is petted; we may almost go so far as to say encouraged; on the other side of the Channel, poverty, regarded as the outcome of unthrift, is *pêché mortel*. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge" is a proverb of universal application in France; "The laborer is worthy of his hire" a text that seems to have escaped her teachers altogether. The French task-master or task-mistress is without bowels of compassion; thrift is fostered by the hard measures meted out to the breadwinner. You will find educated women in Paris working as book-keepers from twelve to fifteen hours a day, Sundays as well as weekdays, their only holiday being half a day once a month. I have known a chambermaid in a hotel who

* *L'Epargne en France*, par A. de Foville, Imprimerie Nationale, 1890.

† It is now two milliards and eight hundred million francs. But, as M. de Foville points out, a milliard is a figure not to be easily grasped by the mind, not a milliard of minutes having as yet elapsed since the Christian era!

during three years had never had a whole day to herself. Domestic service is too frequently a condition which no Tilly Slow-boy in England would accept. In Paris, for instance, locked out of her mistress's doors at night, her attic adjoining that of shop assistants or fellow servants of the other sex, an inexperienced country girl has but one lot before her, that of becoming *fille mère*, her own offspring being put out to nurse and to die, while she herself in smart hood and flying ribbons gives suck to rich women's babies in the Parc Monceau.

Much I might say, did space permit, concerning many points on which the advantage is wholly on the side of France. In artistic taste, for instance, the French workman is immeasurably superior to the English, his love of the beautiful being cultivated by the opening of museums on Sunday, by the abundant statuary adorning the towns, and by the sight of noble cathedrals and cities obtained during the three years' military service. Much, also, might be written on the utter absence of snobbishness characterizing large sections of French society, on the wholesome directness people are not ashamed to display about money matters and pecuniary circumstances generally. The great drawback to English enjoyment of French life is the almost universal indifference shown to the sufferings of animals. That the bull-fight should be tolerated in the French capital at the close of the nineteenth century is a moral anachronism of no hopeful augury for the future. After the lesson of the Commune, one might have supposed that brutalizing spectacles would be sternly forbidden, if only on grounds of expediency.

Let us now consider a point on which I differ widely from Mr. Hamerton. The author of "French and English" seems to think that politeness and civility are all we must expect in the way of Anglo-French intercourse. Anything like cordial friendship, much less affectionate intimacy between the two nations, he evidently regards as wholly Utopian. But my experience—and it is now tolerably comprehensive—points the other way. We are no longer, to use Thackeray's expression, "magnificently hated" on the other side of the Channel. I hear that Eton lads, devotees of Captain Marryat, still look upon it as a patriotic duty to hate and despise the French language and French people. Throughout experiences now extending over many years I have never detected any trace of the traditional ani-

mosity towards England or personal distrust of the English. By all "sorts and conditions of men" I have ever been cordially welcomed. Politics, of course, have aroused bitter feelings from time to time, which newspapers on both sides have done their best to intensify; yet the relations of the two countries continue to improve. Cheap travel has undoubtedly contributed to this result. Fifty years ago a trip to Paris was the privilege of the rich and well-to-do; in these days it is enjoyed by the grocer's assistant and journeyman carpenter. From Hastings a workman may now spend from Saturday to Monday on the French coast for a few shillings, and large numbers avail themselves of such opportunities. Tens of thousands of small shopkeepers, clerks, and artisans visited the Centennial Exhibition last year, returning with quite altered views of France and French character. Surely sympathy and friendliness are more likely to arise under these circumstances than at any former period of our history.

I will here quote the opinion of a thoughtful and instructed Frenchman, retired notary and landed proprietor in the south-west. The passage is translated word for word: "The French do not at all know the English, a misfortune for two nations, differing assuredly in natural gifts and qualities, but each worthy of the other's esteem. There is one important point on which both are entirely agreed, namely, the necessity for parliamentary or representative government; hence their deep attachment to Liberal institutions, purchased by them at the price of the greatest efforts and most painful sacrifices. Placed by their free institutions, their literature, science, arts, and commerce in the vanguard of progress, any conflict between France and England would not only prove the greatest conceivable misfortune for both nations, but would retard the march of civilization for several centuries. I am far from fearing such a catastrophe, yet it is clear that to aid the *rapprochement* of two nations so great and so enlightened—is to aid the cause of progress generally. We must at all costs avoid petty quarrels and ignoble misunderstandings, and encourage as far as possible international intercourse by means of associations, festivals, syndicates, etc. The better we learn to know each other the greater will become our mutual esteem, and from esteem to friendship is but a step. It is for these reasons that I am so warm an advocate of the Channel Tunnel or Bridge. The real-

ization of this grandiose project would do more for progress and European peace generally than all the triple alliances and armaments which threaten to ruin great nations as well as small."

The writer of this letter has never visited England or had commercial relations with English-speaking people. His views are perfectly disinterested and candid.

I have often thought that an international league of public instruction might do much to improve Anglo-French relations. In a preliminary history of France or England it ought to be made clear that political, rather than national, antipathies have led to wars and feuds. Even the monumental work of Henri Martin, as well as Marryat's novels, requires revision on this score.

Up to the present time the great advocate for John Bull on French shores has been Charles Dickens. That wonderful pen has succeeded in making the English amiable in French eyes. If Waterloo were not already clean forgotten, "Pickwick" would heal the sore.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
AFOOT.

I SUPPOSE it is a very palpable truism to aver that people do not nowadays walk anything like as much as they used to. If some doctors are to be believed, we pay for this slight to our feet by abbreviated lives; though, in the face of the repeated assurances on all sides that longevity is much more common than it was, this professional opinion is hard to credit. No doubt the shoemakers suffer by our affection for the familiar 'bus and the agile hansom, and our patronage of the malodorous underground railway. But as shoemakers exist for our convenience, and not *vice versa*, we may be cold-blooded enough to say that this fact is not a very alarming one for the world in general.

During undergraduate days, and indeed up to the age of thirty or so, there are times when we are imperatively compelled to take to our legs as a relief to our feelings. Who has not felt this? It may be anxiety about the examinations (a foolish and unphilosophic state of mind!), or the more than common realization that there are more unpaid bills on the mantelpiece than papa's allowance can settle in five years; or one's head may be a little befogged, due to the bad wine of that

fellow in the rooms below; or Cupid (impudent little wretch!) may have shot an arrow into one's heart, and set one's whole corporation at discord with itself.

Under these circumstances, really and truly it is well to put on one's thickest boots, take a club-like stick, and stride away anywhere, without heed of weather, mile-stones, or compass. It doesn't matter in the least which way you go. The thing you have to do is to walk yourself into a state of bodily collapse, or something like it. Then it will be time enough to look at your watch, and make for the nearest inn. No doubt, if you are a long way from a railway-station (a most improbable thing!), there will be a dog-cart in the village. If not, still, you may rest a while, drink some beer, smoke a cigar, snap your fingers at black care, and then set off to try to retrace your steps. The odds are fifty to one you don't succeed without a most fatiguing amount of interrogation of rustics. By that time you will be sweetly exhausted; you will, in fact, have done precisely what your humor bade you do. And afterwards, neither the sheaf of tradesman's bills, nor Cupid, nor the fumes of indifferent claret, nor all the examiners in Christendom shall be able, for a while, to disturb your spirits.

It was in some such mental stir as this that Christopher North made his phenomenal tramp from the west end of London to Oxford one night. He got into his rooms before some of his friends were breakfasting — nor do we hear that he was remarkably tired. But then he was a very Titan of pedestrianism. He would set off for a forty-mile walk, giving but eight hours to it, as you or I might begin a constitutional of five or six miles. Once he trusted to his legs to take him from Liverpool to his sweet lakeland home of Elleray. This is seventy or eighty miles of going, up hill and down dale; yet he did it within four-and-twenty hours. Walking Stewart himself was, no doubt, a fine friend to cobblers; but it is odd if Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh and Elleray, was not his superior at long distances.

Yet, spite of all his athletic vigor and strength, Wilson did not live to be a septuagenarian. The discreet clubman of Piccadilly, who begins to be old at forty-five or fifty, and ever afterwards walks like a snail, with one hand in the small of his back and the other on his stick, lives to be ninety without much of an effort; while the athlete of world-wide fame dies ere he reaches the common limit

of our days. No wonder sensational feats in pedestrianism excite the admiration rather than the emulation of the majority of us.

From eighteen to thirty, or thereabouts, seems to be the period during which we may do pretty much as we please with impunity — whether in walking or aught else. Certainly these are the days which rivet our affections upon moors and mountains, and when we find the devious and rocky banks of the trout-streams not a bit too devious and rocky. Our British mountains are not much to boast about; but there is something very exhilarating in the spirits of half-a-dozen youths who find themselves on the summit of Helvellyn or Scaw Fell for the first time. They think they have done a wonderful thing. They open their sandwich packets and draw the corks of their bottles, toast the mountain air and the prospect, and end by casting stones at the unfortunate bottles which have provided them with sustenance. So, too, among the heather. When one's sinews are supple and lungs irreproachable, there seems no limit to the number of miles a pair of legs will carry one. Rain and mist are of no account as obstacles. We are told in the north that the softer the weather the healthier it is; and we are then willing enough to believe the doctrine. The trout confirm us in our fancy that wet weather is as good as Italian skies. We fill all our pockets with them; and anon, when the day is well on the wane, it is nothing to our legs that they have to bear an added burden of twenty or thirty pounds of fish to our destination for the night.

I have in my mind while I write memories of walks in different parts of the world, in Greece and Italy as well as in the Highlands, in several of the states of America, in Africa, and in six or seven of the islands of the Mediterranean. Of all these walks the British take the fairest coloring in the mirror of retrospect. Elsewhere the sun was nearly always a trial, often an agony. In the lower latitudes you cannot rest at full length on mother earth with anything like the assurance Great Britain affords of immunity from the annoyances of ants and worse things than ants. To talk of cloudy skies and green fields is to babble about what we are all familiar with; but there is assuredly nothing in the wide world that appeals so successfully to English hearts as our English landscapes. The Swiss mountains and glens are, no doubt, surpassingly fine; but we stand in their presence as a humble

person may be supposed to stand before his country's sovereign surrounded by regal power and splendor. It is very exciting and magnificent, but it does not put us quite at our ease. On the other hand, the bosses of elms and oaks in an ordinary English valley, the red-roofed houses with a brown crocketed church spire in their midst, the shining river, the green meadows, and the fields of divers hues, with the medley of clouds overhead — these are what one loves, even as one loves one's armchair or the pipe which has been the confidant of one's anxieties and hopes this many a year.

Long distances afoot seem a mistake, unless necessity is the spur. If we lived a thousand years apiece, instead of barely a hundred, it might be otherwise. As it is, however, such feats are only for the man who finds ordinary life uncongenial. I know a couple of Oxonians who had good sport as travelling tinkers for a month of the long vacation. They paid their way by tinkering (very badly, no doubt), by singing comic songs in innocent, sequestered villages, and even by agitating as political demagogues. The "three acres and a cow" catch served them with endless material for stump-oratory. Sometimes they were posed by the blunt interrogations of the village-inn politicians, who thought their roseate Radicalism just a little too roseate. But these impertinences they could easily dispose of by some irrelevant witticism, or by some such trick of dialectics as Plato and the other ancients might have been thanked for. As may be imagined, they had plenty of chances of fun. I am afraid to say how many village beauties they claimed to have kissed. They balanced accounts for mended kettles and saucepans in this way — much, I should suppose, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, including the next itinerant tinker who chanced to pass over the ground they had traversed. But after a month they tired of the life; and so they stored their implements in a rustic barn, and took the train home to their distressed parents, who fancied they were all the time engaged in something vastly more nefarious. But they did not tell their anxious sires that, so far from being extravagant, they had been leading lives of ridiculous cheapness. Else, in all probability, the old gentlemen would have done their utmost to persuade them to spend all their vacations in so exemplary and educative a manner.

The other day I heard from a corre-

spondent of an unfortunate pedestrian who started, almost alone, upon a walk of nine hundred and fifty miles in central Africa. One is used to long distances in that part of the world—or, at least, to hearing and reading about them. It seems to us islanders, however, as if they were ordinarily so contrived that a walk of from five to ten miles per diem was reckoned a very fair achievement. Perhaps it is, when brushes with pygmies and other inimical natives, wide rivers full of hippopotami and crocodiles, primeval forests, and that sort of thing, are the various impediments to progress; not to mention the trials which health has to suffer, and the hardships the stomach has to endure as best it may.

This pedestrian, however, was a missionary, not an accredited explorer. He set off in all the sublime self-confidence of his ignorance, and with a very fair wallet of hopes in his heart. But ere he had covered thirty miles of the nine hundred and fifty, he was knocked down by dysentery. He forgot that he was not in England, where one may walk with impunity at noon in the dog days. Sunstroke also touched him, and it was in this melancholy plight that my central African correspondent found him one evening. He died in the night at 1 A.M., and my friend duly buried him at 9 A.M.

What can be more recklessly imprudent than the proverbial folly of our middle-aged countrymen who take the mail train to Bâle, and so contrive it that, within thirty hours of the time when they sat at their desks in the City, they are planning an ascent of one of the most laborious peaks in all Switzerland. Does not one know the kind of people? Why, I have met them on the Welsh mountains in a state of absolute exhaustion, with reeling limbs and not a puff of breath left in their bodies. They have petitioned for a taste of my whiskey-flask, much as a notorious sinner might on his death-bed ask the clergyman to save him from the consequences of his various misdemeanors. Whiskey in such a case is wasted; it does them more harm than good. All they need to do is to lie on their backs in the heather until they feel a little better, and then creep down to the lowlands again, looking as ashamed of themselves as they ought to feel. They would do well, in future, to husband their self-respect by consecrating the first few days of their holiday to a gentle and methodical totter up and down the promenade of some salubrious seaside resort. Afterwards they may venture to tackle hills a

thousand or two feet high without much risk to their hearts.

I rather think the fair sex in England may claim to be better average walkers than their brothers and husbands. This is a bold affirmation, and yet it seems justifiable. They are not so prone to call a hansom in town when they feel tired. On they trudge until they are, as they say, "ready to drop." Often, indeed, they do drop—into a policeman's hands, in their misjudged attempts to cross Regent's Circus, when in this condition of incipient breakdown. Their pluck is marvellous. A glass of milk and a doughy bun will enable them to keep moving for an indefinite number of hours. As for the afterwards—well, it may take care of itself. But I must say I have heard awful language of a kind from the lips of two ladies—sisters—who have been compelled to spend the evening together after a day of such strenuous exertions. It made them seem much less amiable than they really were.

Our friends across the Channel make much of this penchant for pedestrianism among our British girls. They belie their reputation for courtesy by the frequency with which they caricature, on the boards of their inferior theatres, the style and manners of our aunts out for a holiday. Goths though we Britons undoubtedly are in some particulars, we do not hold up to ridicule the female relations of the French. They are far from immaculate, but we take mercy on them, and leave them and their imperfections very much alone. Yet this does not hinder them from making merry over the impossible antics and imbecility of the comic persons who dress up as the English travelling "mees" in a long chessboard ulster, with ringlets, spectacles, an alpenstock, and a phrase-book.

The truth is, I believe, that they are jealous of the vigor and independence of our girls. These, moreover, possess such muscles to their legs as they can never have. It is an inherited faculty with them—the outcome of free association with brothers in the time of childhood and youth, of district visiting, climate, and much else. There was a certain amount of chivalry in the conception of the incident in the French play which showed us an English walking-lady carrying a tired foreigner in her arms down one of the high Alps. It was an absurd situation, of course; but not a bit more absurd than the eternal spectacled spinster who strides over Europe in her tiresome ulster.

I know a man who took his wife to Iceland for the honeymoon, and camped out, and climbed Hecla during this period of exuberant happiness. On the top of Hecla whom should he meet but a couple of Frenchmen with guns on their backs, and quite in the humor to flirt with any pretty woman, whether newly wed or not. All four made acquaintance, and enjoyed a brief talk in the desert. But when it transpired that Iceland and Hecla were a British idea of the *lune de miel*, the one Frenchman fled laughing to his tent, and his friend, perforce, with an apologetic shrug of his shoulders, followed him. These two men subsequently mentioned the incident as the most remarkable that occurred to them during a six weeks' tour in the island. The desolation of the north coast, the geysers, the lonesome valleys, and even the reindeer they shot, were all trivial to it.

Some one has said that the Germans beat the French in 1870 because they possessed superior walking powers. One need not altogether believe this. Yet there does seem to have been a measure of sense in it. There was no end to the pluck of the Westphalians and Saxons in trudging up and down the hills round Metz when they pressed upon Bazaine and his red-legged troops. This, too, in mid-August, which is as warm in the land of the Moselle as an average day in Bombay! But the valorous Teutons did not faint by the way, and only the most meagre proportion of them dreamed of falling out for a minute or two, unless they were wounded. They owed it to their lusty physique, and that, in turn, they owed to their sobriety and their boyish habits of pedestrianism. The enthusiastic professors who lead their pupils into the Hartz Mountains or the Black Forest during a vacation deserve well of their country. In their blue veils and spectacles, with their paraphernalia of hammers, tin boxes, and butterfly-nets they may seem to us as comical as my newly married friends on Hecla seemed to the Frenchmen. But what need they care for that? True contentment, we all know, comes from within, not from things and persons external. And it is necessary only to glance at the faces of professor and flock to realize that they are in no discontented mood.

To the man who does not walk, about half of Great Britain is like a sealed book. He may read descriptions of those parts, but he can never hope to behold them with the eyes of sense.

Take the coast by the Land's End, for example. It provides a number of alluring sensations for the pedestrian. The headland itself was probably as accessible a century ago as it is to-day. There is no railway thither—a mercy for which the modern person of sentiment cannot be sufficiently grateful. Coaches traverse the highroad, and convey the conventional tourist to a hotel where he may have a meal, a bed, and a bill as elsewhere. But it is an extremely dull highroad. Its ten miles of length from Penzance are for the most part through a level, hedgeless country of poor pasture, stone walls, and patches of gorse and heath.

Contrast this with the coast route. We skirt granite cliffs hundreds of feet perpendicular, at the base of which the blue Atlantic breaks with a fine splutter, and cross rugged little inlets cumbered with granite boulders rounded by the waves into the aspect of marbles fit for Titans. Here is no carriage-way. It is much too remote for the more valetudinarian of tourists. There are no houses of refreshment to tempt the traveller to be enjoyably indolent. Vipers are common objects in the long grass, at the head of the more sheltered coves. You may find half a vessel in another recess, with a litter of iron rods and splintered spars alongside it—maybe even a drowned seaman prone upon the smoothed granite pebbles. This year, at any rate, you will find dead starlings by the thousand. They died on the coast in the snow of March. Spent with fatigue after crossing the Channel with empty stomachs, they dropped here in hosts. In places they were a foot deep. The gulls and others who thought to make meals of them found them not worth the picking.

These sights and discoveries are for the pedestrian alone. Even the cyclist, hardy invader of byeways though he may be, cannot make much of our Cornish coast.

Our finest memories of landscapes are those we gain afoot. The eye has then time to look and look until the scene is registered on the brain. Twenty years later, you can recall it without much effort. On the other hand, you cross the St. Gothard by railway. Here you are in the midst of chaotic rocks with waterfalls and mountains and precipices all about you of the kind your fellow-travellers salute with many an enraptured "Goodness gracious!" Yet, though the train does not move very fast, it moves too fast for your brain. A year later, unless you are uncommonly retentive of impressions, the

St. Gothard will be a very incoherent memory to you.

That is why I, for one, am never satisfied unless I can spend some hours afoot in any famous place to which my inclination may have led me. Each jog-trot movement seems to act like those machines of Mr. Edison in registering the detail of an impression.

I have mentioned the Cornish coast as an excellent field for the man who has faith in his legs. Anglesey also may, for its comparative remoteness and interest (though of a different kind), be bracketed with it. The scenery here is not sensational. But it looks across the Menai Strait at the boldest grouping of mountains we possess south of the Grampians. From the royal village of Aberffraw (where for centuries the old kings of Wales had their palace), now half choked in sand, the Cambrian hills, from Penmaenmawr to Bardsey, are a delightful spectacle, with Snowdon distinctly the master.

These sands of Anglesey are for the pedestrian alone. The south-west waves roar over them with tremendous force, and the wind lifts them and whirls them in one's face with a heartiness which makes one think of a simoom in the Sahara. On the southern side of the inlet of Mallaeth, for instance, is an area of ten or twelve miles wholly resigned to sand, rabbits, and the rare plants which flourish amid the sand-grasses and the salt winds. It is called Newborough Warren, and is a fair sample of the shores of Medoc, where the sands thus overwhelm the country as heralds of the sea itself. In the midst of this baleful expanse stands the town of Newborough, one of the most populous in all Anglesey, with its precise thoroughfares teeming with children. Some hundreds of years ago, Newborough was known as Rhosfair or Rhoshir ("the tiresome waste"). Then it became the representative city of the island, and sent the county member to Westminster. But the progress of the sand-invasion has never ceased, and the town is doomed to eventual suffocation. Half the parish is already under sand. Three centuries hence its chimney-pots may mark the sepulchre of the rest of the town.

In the north-west of the same island the man afoot will be quaintly gratified with his experiences. You do not see such farmhouses elsewhere in the land. They are plain enough, set square upon the ground, but remarkable for their complexions. One building is a blinking

white every inch of it—slate roof, chimney-pots, and even the grey stones of its encircling walls. Another has a white body, with windows a dark green, or a vivid yoke-of-egg yellow. Here, again, is a porch with a lintel of red bricks and mortar, the bricks freshly painted a bright vermillion, and the very mortar between the bricks whitewashed to emphasize the effect. In this part of Anglesey the stranger is still looked upon with curious eyes, and the Englishman retains in some degree his old character of the marauding Saxon, prone to indulge in all manner of oppressions and impertinences. The farm-lasses greet him with pleasure and sprightliness, as if he were a handsome and generous highwayman in a shallow disguise. But the rustics, hodding turnips, rest on their staves, and seem prepared to act on the defensive, while eying him uneasily, and discussing him with lightning-flashes of native speech until he has passed pacifically out of sight.

North, south, east, and west, there are many other fascinating spots about our land which are worth investigating, and to which not even the millionaire, with his chariot and horses at a thousand guineas the pair, can get access, unless he walks. The man with stout calves to his legs is lord of himself like any philosopher. Surely, therefore, we shall do well to inculcate the habit of walking at least as earnestly as any other form of athletics. It may be good to have gigantic biceps. It is certainly more useful to have legs capable of endurance.

To become an enthusiastic pedestrian it is not essential to have, like Professor Wilson, the epidermis to one's heel of peculiar thickness. A little energy and strength, and the necessary amount of will, are enough to begin with. Practice will, of course, increase all three considerably. Longevity cannot fail to follow. The professional tramp, like the common domestic donkey, is as nearly immortal as he need be.

From Temple Bar.

A PIECE OF BREAD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPEE.

THE young Duc de Hardimont was at Aix, giving the waters to his famous mare Périchole, who had become broken-winded since the chill she had caught after the Derby; he had finished his luncheon, when, throwing a careless glance over the

paper, he read there the news of the disaster of Reichshoffen.

He emptied his glass of chartreuse, threw his serviette on the restaurant table, sent word to his valet to pack up, and, having caught the express to Paris, rushed off to the recruiting office and enlisted in a regiment of the line.

Such a man may have led from nineteen to twenty-five the enervating life of a *petit crevé* — that was the word they were called by then — he may have half ruined himself with jockeys and on race-courses, or be tarnished by the excesses of a more debasing atmosphere; yet there are circumstances when he cannot fail to remember that Enguerrand de Hardimont died of the plague at Tunis on the same day as St. Louis, that Jean de Hardimont was commander of *les Grandes Compagnies* under Du Guesclin, and that François Henri de Hardimont was killed charging at Fontenoi with *la Maison Rouge*. Therefore the young duke, on learning that a battle had been lost by Frenchmen on French territory, felt the hot blush of shame rush to his face as if some one had dealt him a blow.

And this is why in the early days of November, 1870, having re-entered Paris with his regiment, which was attached to the corps of General Vinoy, Henri de Hardimont, private in the 3rd battalion of the 2nd of the line, and a member of the Jockey Club, was on outpost duty with his company before the redoubt of Hautes-Bruyères, a hastily fortified position protected by the cannon of the fort of Bicêtre.

The place was forbidding; a road, broken into muddy ruts and planted with broomsticks, running through the polluted fields of the Paris outskirts; on the edge of this road a deserted little *cabaret* — a cabaret with trellised bowers where the soldiers had established their post. A few days before there had been some fighting there, and several of the broomsticks by the roadside had been snapped in two, while those left still showed on their bark the white scars of the bullets. The aspect of the house itself made one shiver. The roof had been ripped open by a shell; the wine-stained walls seemed bespattered with blood. The torn-down bowers, the knocked-over games, the swing creaking in its soddened ropes, the inscriptions over the door, half effaced by shots, "Absinthe, Vermouth, wine at sixty centimes the litre," which ran round a dead rabbit painted above two billiard cues bound crossways by a ribbon, all recalled with cruel irony the popular delights

of bygone Sundays. And over all this, a black wintry sky was rolling, with great leaden clouds — a sky low, angry, threatening.

At the door of the cabaret the young duke was standing, his chassepot slung across him, his kepi over his eyes, his numb hands in the pockets of his red trousers, shivering under his sheepskin. He was lost in sombre reverie, this soldier of the defeated, and with a heart-broken gaze was watching the line of hills hidden in the fog whence there escaped every moment, with a report, a white puff — the smoke of a Krupp gun.

All at once he felt that he was hungry.

He knelt down and drew from his knapsack, which rested against the wall near by, a lump of regulation bread, which, having lost his knife, he bit into and began slowly to eat. But after a few mouthfuls he had had enough; the bread was hard, and had a bitter taste. And to think there was no getting any fresh before tomorrow's distribution, and then only at the good-will of the commissary! Ah, well! there was a deal just now that was pretty rough to bear, and with a leap of memory he recalled what in past days he had been wont to term his hygienic luncheons, when on the morrow after a supper a trifle too exciting he would sit down near some window on the ground floor of the Café Anglais and have served to him the veriest trifle, a cutlet, perhaps, *des œufs brouillés aux pointes d'asperges*, and the waiter, knowing his habits, would lay on the table-cloth and carefully open a bottle of fine old léoville, which he then set down to repose in its wicker cradle. Devil take it! those were good times all the same; he should never get used to this bread of poverty. And in a moment of impatience, the young man flung his lump of bread into the mud.

At that moment a private was leaving the cabaret; he stooped, picked up the bread, and, going on a few steps, wiped it with his sleeve, and began to devour it ravenously.

Henri de Hardimont was already ashamed of his action, and was looking with pity on the poor wretch who gave proof of such a good appetite. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, ill-made, with feverish eyes and a hospital beard, and so thin that his shoulder-blades stuck out under the cloth of his worn great-coat.

"Art thou then so hungry, comrade?" he said, approaching the soldier.

"As thou seest," he answered, with his mouth full.

"Excuse me, then. If I had known that thou wouldst have cared for it I would not have thrown the bread away."

"It's not the worse for that," replied the soldier; "I am not so particular."

"No matter!" said the gentleman. "What I did was wrong, and I reproach myself for it, but I do not wish thee to carry away a bad opinion of me, and as I have some old cognac in my can, we'll have a drop together."

The man had finished eating. The duke and he took a mouthful each of the brandy; the acquaintance was made.

"And thou art called?" asked the private.

"Hardimont," replied the duke, suppressing his title and prefix. "And thou?"

"Jean Victor. I've only just joined the company. I came from the ambulance. I was wounded at Châtillon. Ah, one is well off at the ambulance; and doesn't the nurse give you good horse-soup! But mine was only a scratch; the major signed my discharge, and, worse luck, out I had to go to begin again to die of hunger. For believe me if you will, comrade, but, as I stand before you, I have been hungry all my life."

The word was horrible, said to a voluptuary who a moment before caught himself regretting the *cuisine* of the Café Anglais, and the Duc de Hardimont looked at his companion with an astonishment approaching terror. The soldier was smiling mournfully, letting his wolf-like teeth be seen, the teeth of the hungry showing so white in his sickly face, and as if he was aware that further confidence was expected from him.

"Look here," he said brusquely, ceasing to *tutoyer* his comrade, whom doubtless he guessed to be fortunate and rich — "look here, let us walk a little up and down upon the road to warm our feet, and I will tell you of things which most likely you have never heard of before. I am called Jean Victor, Jean Victor quite short because I am a foundling, and my only happy recollection is of the time of my early childhood in the asylum. The sheets of our little beds in the dormitory were white; we played under the big trees in a garden; and there was a good sister, quite young, as white as wax — she was going into a consumption — and I was her favorite, and often I chose to walk with her rather than to play with the other children, because she would draw me close to her

skirt, and put on my forehead her thin, hot hand. But at twelve years, after making our first communion, nothing more than misery. The governors had apprenticed me to a mender of chairs in the Faubourg St. Jacques. It isn't a trade, you know. You can't get a living by it; to prove it, for the most part the master could only entice as apprentices the poor boys from the Asylum for the 'Young Blind!' And it was there that I first learnt to suffer the pangs of hunger. The master and his wife — two old *Limousins* who worried themselves to death — were terrible misers, and the bread, which they cut into little pieces for each meal, they kept for the rest of the time under lock and key. And every evening at supper you would see the mistress, with her old black cap, when she was serving the soup heave a dismal sigh with each ladleful she took from the tureen. The other two apprentices, the 'Young Blind,' were less unhappy; not that they got more than I did, but they were not able to see the look of reproach that that miserable woman gave as she handed me my plate. My misfortune was to have a good appetite, but I ask you was that my fault? I served my three years of apprenticeship in a constant state of hunger. Three years! and you knew all about the trade in a month. But the governors can't be expected to be up to everything; they have not an idea of the way in which the children are turned to account. Ah, you were surprised to see me take a piece of bread out of the mud? It's not the first time, not by many, that I have picked up crusts out of the dust heaps, and when they were too dry I used to soak them all night in my water-jug. At last when my apprenticeship was finished, and I took to my trade, as I have said, you couldn't earn by it enough to sustain a man. Oh, I tried many others. I had a good heart for work. I was a mason's laborer, a porter, a floor polisher, and a dozen others. Bah! to-day it was the work was wanting; another time I lost my place. But all the same I never had enough to eat to satisfy me. *Tonnerre!* What fury I have felt in passing before bakers' shops! Happily for me at those times, I always remembered the good sister at the asylum, who so often impressed on me to keep honest, and I would even believe that I could feel on my forehead the warmth of her little hand. At last at eighteen I enlisted. You know as well as I do that the soldier has only just enough, and now — it's almost enough to make one laugh — behold the siege and famine!

You see now that I didn't tell you lies when I said that I had always, always been hungry."

The young duke had a good heart; and listening to this terrible lament told him by a man like himself, by a soldier whose uniform made him his equal, he felt himself profoundly stirred.

"Jean Victor," he said, ceasing in his turn, by a delicate instinct, to *tutoyer* the foundling, "if we both survive this frightful war we shall see more of each other, and I hope I shall be of use to you. But just now, as there is no other baker at the outposts but the corporal of the commissariat, and as my ration of bread is twice too much for my small appetite—it is understood, is it not?—we will share like good comrades."

A hearty shake of the hand was exchanged between the two men; and as night was falling, and they were being harassed by watches and alarms, they re-entered the cabaret, where a dozen soldiers lay sleeping upon the straw, and throwing themselves down side by side, they sank into a heavy sleep.

Towards midnight Jean Victor awoke; he was probably hungry. The wind had blown away the clouds, and a moonbeam, shining into the room through the rent in the roof, lit up the charming fair head of the young duke, sleeping like an Endymion. Still touched by the kindness of his comrade, Jean Victor was looking at him with naïve admiration, when the sergeant of the platoon opened the door to call the five men who were to relieve the sentinels at the outposts. The duke was of the number, but when his name was called he did not awake.

"Hardimont, get up," repeated the sergeant.

"If you will be good enough to let me, sergeant," said Jean Victor, rising, "I'll mount guard for him, he's so fast asleep; and he's my comrade."

"As thou choosest."

And the five men gone, the snoring began again. But half an hour after the sound of firing, sharp and very near, broke in upon the night. In an instant they had all sprung to their feet; the men hastened

from the cabaret, and, with finger on trigger, stole along stealthily, looking along the road, which showed white in the moonlight.

"But what o'clock is it?" asked the duke. "I was to have been on guard."

Some one answered him:—

"Jean Victor has gone in your place."

At that moment a soldier came running along the road.

"What's happened?" they asked, as he stopped breathless.

"The Prussians are attacking—we must fall back on the redoubt."

"And our comrades?"

"They're coming—all but that poor Jean Victor."

"What?" cried the duke.

"Killed dead on the spot, with a ball through his head—he hadn't time to say, 'Ouf!'"

One night last winter, towards two o'clock in the morning, the Duc de Hardimont was leaving the club with his neighbor the Count de Saulnes; he had lost a few hundred louis, and felt something of a headache.

"If you don't mind, André," he said to his companion, "we will walk home. I want some fresh air."

"As you like, *cher ami*, although the pavement is horribly bad."

They sent away their broughams, turned up the collars of their fur coats, and walked towards the Madeleine. Presently the duke sent rolling something which he had struck with the toe of his boot; it was a large crust of bread, all covered with mud.

Then, to his amazement, M. de Saulnes saw the Duc de Hardimont pick up the lump of bread, carefully wipe it with his crest-embroidered handkerchief, and place it on a bench of the boulevard, under the light of a gas lamp, where it could well be seen.

"But what on earth is it you are doing?" said the count, bursting into a laugh. "Are you mad?"

"It is in memory of a poor man who died for me," replied the duke, his voice slightly trembling. "Don't laugh, *mon cher*; you hurt me!"

LOUISA PARR.